

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, APRIL 14, 1866.

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The Loan Bill—Specie Payments.

NOTWITHSTANDING the favorable revenue returns for the current year, which promise to be greatly in excess of the most sanguine anticipations of the Government, and which will cover all demands on the Treasury for the annual expenses of the nation and payment of interest on the national debt, besides yielding a surplus for the reduction of the same, still there must be some anxiety for the future of our finances, resulting from the fact that a very large proportion of our short date obligations must fall due within the next two years, and must either be paid or substituted by securities having longer to run. The amounts falling due semi-annually (apart from the regular ex-

penses of Government) between this date and the 1st of January, 1869, are as follows:

On or before June 30, 1866	\$126,674,874
" December 31, 1866	47,665,000
" June 30, 1867	8,471,000
" December 31, 1867	350,000,000
" June 30, 1868	369,415,250
" December 31, 1868	287,564,482
Total	\$1,201,890,806

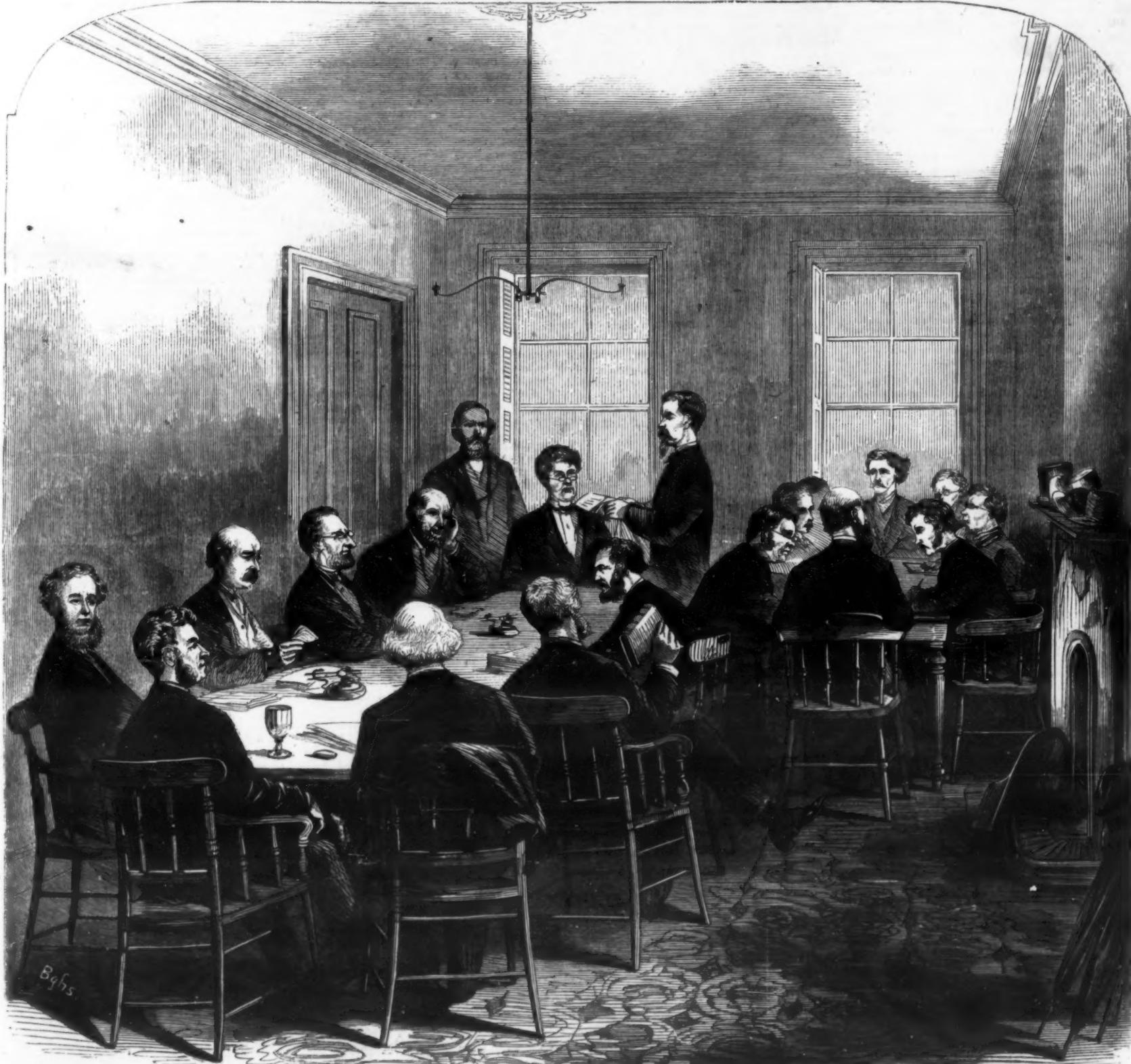
It is not to be supposed for a moment that the revenues of the country will admit of the liquidation of these large sums as they fall due; although, from present indications, it is believed that at least \$200,000,000 a year may be available to that end. If so, half of these obligations may be paid off and canceled by the 1st of January, 1869. For the remaining six hundred and odd millions, we must substi-

tute other obligations, as we have already said, of longer date. In other words—postpone payment.

To enable him to do so with greatest ease and advantage, the Secretary of the Treasury submitted to Congress the plan or draft of a law, giving him certain powers additional to those conferred on him by existing laws, to be used in his discretion for our best financial interests. This plan has been before Congress, reported substantially, we believe, as it was submitted, by the Committee on Finance, under the name of "The Loan Bill." In general, the bill authorized the Secretary to retire Treasury notes or any other obligations of the Government, including, of course, legal tenders or "greenbacks," in exchange for any de-

scription of bonds previously authorized, "to such an amount, in such manner, and at such rate as he may think advisable." It authorized him, also, to issue bonds to be made payable, principal and interest, in any country and in the coin of the same outside of the United States—such bonds, however, not to bear more than five per cent. interest.

When the bill came before Congress, an opposition developed itself among a class of men who may be called "inflationists," and who believe that the prosperity of the country is really promoted by a redundant currency, and that the nominal values of things depreciated and irredeemable paper are real and substantial, instead of false and deceptive. Knowing the views of the Secretary as to the



THE BOARD OF HEALTH IN SESSION—RECEIVING REPORTS OF THE INSPECTORS, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, MULBERRY STREET, NEW YORK.

importance and necessity of as speedily as possible bringing the currency of the country back to the specie standard, they saw that the power conferred by the bill would enable him to put his financial views in practice, and there were enough of them influenced, in various ways and by various considerations, to so limit that power, as to prohibit the withdrawal and funding of more than \$10,000,000 of "greenbacks" or United States notes, during the first six months from the passage of the act, and restricting subsequent withdrawals to \$4,000,000 a month.

In this way, they contended, "the shock" of a return to specie payments would be prevented. They might have said, with more truth, that in this way the fool's paradise of an irredeemable paper currency would be continued for a dozen years—for, we are told, it would fully take that time to withdraw the Government notes, under the slow operations of the law. That is to say, unreflecting people will have so much longer time in which to cherish the pleasing delusion that their \$100 are really \$100, instead of \$80, or some smaller sum! We need not repeat, in illustration, the story of the youth who gambled with his fellows at marbles, calling his pennies dollars, and so deceived himself in time, that he was thunderstruck when the confectioner persisted in refusing to accept them except as simple pennies, in exchange for buns! For confectioner, in our little game of mutual deception, read "the rest of mankind."

Only less impolitic was the action of the House in refusing power to the Secretary, who has so judiciously conducted our finances, of placing our bonds abroad, in the currency of the various countries where our securities are popular, and paying the interest in the financial centres of these countries, at a maximum rate of five per cent. It is a mere expression of opinion on our part, but based upon some direct knowledge of European markets, that they would absorb, at lower rates, double the amount of any given issue of bonds, if these were put in, to them, an intelligible currency, with the interest payable at some accessible point. Every man who has had the placing of American securities, such as railway or mining shares, or bonds, in any continental country, knows that it is indispensable to have them expressed in the currency of the country where they are sought to be sold. Our national securities have been more in demand in Germany than in any other country; but that demand has not been so much with what are denominated capitalists, as among the middling classes and people of moderate means, who believe in the United States, and sympathize with its institutions.

We are not discussing the advantages or disadvantages, the desirableness or otherwise, of having our securities held abroad; but it is very certain that the foreign demand for them prevented our markets from being choked during the war, and has contributed, in a degree, in keeping up their value here. It is questionable whether our people, who can lend their money at so much higher rates, will care to take five per cent. for it; and yet we doubt if they would feel satisfied if the Government were to tax them in order to pay six or seven per cent. on its heavy obligations, when that Government could place them at five percent.—no matter whether here or abroad. This is the simple question: Can the Government place a greater amount of its obligations on the continent of Europe at five per cent. by the simple expedient proposed by the Secretary, than it could at six per cent. without it?

We will venture to say that every one qualified by experience to speak on the matter, will answer, "It can." At any rate the Government could only fail, and then no harm would be done. We have never seen nor heard any good reason for denying the Secretary this option, and we hope the bill will yet be so amended as to restore the provision to which we refer.

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537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, APRIL 14, 1866.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl street, New York.

NOTICE—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

Uniform Bankrupt Law.

We believe the United States is the only great commercial nation which has no uniform or general bankrupt law. This is the more surprising from the fact that our people are more enterprising and active in business, more adventurous, reckless if you will, and consequently standing in greater need of such a law. An unfortunate merchant, inventor, or manufacturer, failing in business, has no resource, unless he may be able to compound

with his creditors, except to break up all his relations and recommence life in a distant State or Territory, where his accumulations are not likely to be swept away by insatiable creditors. Hardly any of our readers can fail to recall some instance of a really honorable and useful man being totally crushed, and society deprived of the advantages of his energies and powers, under the weight of obligations which it would be utterly hopeless for him to attempt to meet, but which, if a chance of success were open to him, he might ultimately be able to pay.

The founders of our Government knew the necessity for some such law, and provided for its enactment. The Federal Constitution says: "The Congress shall have the power to establish uniform laws on the subject of bankruptcy throughout the United States."

The authority for such a law is complete, and it seems strange that it has not been exercised. For two sessions one of the ablest commercial lawyers of America, Mr. Jenckes, of Rhode Island, has directed his attention to the framing of such a law—one which, in all its essential provisions, has met the approval of our leading business men. This has been under consideration in Congress for three years, and its provisions have been amply discussed and vindicated. The arguments against it and the expediency of its adoption have been refuted and silenced. Yet when it came up in the House, on the 28th of March, it was defeated by a majority of 13. An attempt to clinch the vote, by laying the motion to reconsider it failed, and so it may be reconsidered, and possibly passed. Should he succeed in securing a sufficient number of votes to this end by accepting amendments not fatal to the principle and practical operations of the law, we hope Mr. Jenckes will accept them. The law may be perfected by subsequent legislation. Let the first step toward a general bankrupt law be taken, in any event.

Collectorship of the Port.

The delay in reference to the appointment of Collector of the Port of New York is something of an enigma.

It is many months since the place became vacant, through the death of Mr. King, and the business of this department, we should suppose, would suffer more or less in consequence of the continued vacancy. The appointment is delayed not certainly for the want of candidates, for their name is legion, though the prominent ones may be reduced to half a dozen or less.

Among the most prominent, and from all accounts, the one who is likely to be the successful applicant, is Henry A. Smythe, President of the Central National Bank.

Mr. Smythe is one of our most popular and successful merchants, possessed of wonderful business capacity and administrative ability, just in the prime of life, and capable of sustaining any amount of physical or mental application. We believe in politics he is a Republican, conservative in his views, and bound to no particular clique or interest. He is one of those who seem to have friends everywhere, and belonging, as he does, to the great mercantile interests of the city and country, his appointment would gratify that and other influential classes, while it could give offense to none.

His selection for the place would not only be a popular and judicious movement, but exceedingly gratifying to hosts of personal friends of all parties.

AMONG the simplest, least objectionable, and rational plans of Constitutional Amendment designed to meet the exigencies of the times, and enter into a permanent "reconstruction" of the Union, is that proposed by Judge Foote, of Geneva. It provides that every male citizen of every State of the United States, who is 21 years of age, of sound mind, and not a pauper, nor convicted of any infamous crime, and who can read the Constitution of the United States in the English language, and write his name, and shall have resided in the State of which he is a citizen for one year immediately preceding any election in such State, shall be an elector of all elective officers or legislators chosen at such election; and that after the census to be taken in the year 1870, and each succeeding census, representatives shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included in the United States of America, according to the number in each State of electors qualified as declared in the preceding Article II, and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States according to the value of the real and personal taxable property situate in each State, not belonging to the State or to the United States.

The republic of Bolivia has joined the South American alliance against Spain. This alliance represents the following territory and population:

	Area in square miles.	Population.
Bolivia.....	374,000	1,987,000
Chile.....	159,000	1,559,000
Ecuador.....	240,000	1,040,000
Peru.....	250,000	2,500,000
Total.....	1,023,000	6,586,000

As the area of Spain is estimated at 176,000 square miles, and the population at 16,500,000, the United Republics contain about two-fifths of the population of Spain, but exceed that power

in territory more than five times. Bolivia, like Ecuador, cannot furnish, for the present, any considerable addition to the allied fleet; but the formal alliance greatly adds to the power of resistance thus far displayed by Chile, and is a new guarantee for the final success of the republican institutions of South America in their struggle with Europe.

SECRETARY McCULLOCH announces that the May interest due on five-twentieths would be paid early in April. The amount of gold required is about \$22,000,000.

THE entire military force of the rebel "Confederacy," on the 4th of February, 1862, was 152,000 effective men, distributed as follows:

Under Lee, in Virginia.....	64,000
Command of Bragg and Hoke, North Carolina.....	9,000
Command of Beauregard and Hardee, South Carolina.....	22,000
Command of Dick Taylor, D. H. Hill and Howell Cobb, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi.....	7,000
Entire force west of the Mississippi, under Kirby Smith, Magruder and Price.....	50,000
Total.....	152,000

THE expression "white livered," had its origin in the auspices taken by the Greeks and Romans before battle, in which the examination of the liver and entrails of the victim formed an essential part. If the liver were the usual shape, and of a blood-red color, the omen was favorable; if pale or livid, it was an augury of defeat. The transition from the victim to the inquirer was easy, and a dastard leader, likely to sustain disgrace, was called "a man of a white liver."

A NEW "Reform Bill" is before the British House of Commons. It proposes to reduce the qualification of county voters from £50 to £14 occupancy; and for boroughs to £7 rental, and to lodgers paying £10 or upward for apartments. The measure will add about 400,000 to the number of actual voters. It, however, does not touch the distribution of representatives, in which the grossest abuses exist. For instance: In Calne, returning one member, there are only 175 voters, while the West Riding of Yorkshire, with 11,396 electors, has only one member. The Attorney-General for Ireland, represents a constituency of 86 electors, and his vote is as powerful as that of either of the members for the county of Cork, whose constituency numbers 15,572. The English boroughs, especially in the south of the island, are the great absurdities; Tavistock has 483 electors, and two members; Thetford, 217 electors, and two members; Totnes, 250 electors, and two members; Honiton 283 electors, and two members.

THE evidence of Gen. Lee before the Joint Committee on Reconstruction, of Congress has been published. It is generally of the non capricious order. "I don't know" is the sum of most of his answers. The impression to be derived from reading his evidence is that Gen. Lee knows less about the condition of things and the state of public feeling in Virginia than any other man in it. He evades answering the question whether it would be possible to convict Jeff. Davis of treason before a Virginia jury, even if under the strongest charge of the court defining his acts to be treasonable. He maintains still the doctrine of primary State alliance, and that the duty of the citizen is "to follow his State." He knows of no outrages committed on Union prisoners in Libby or elsewhere. Altogether he seems to believe in the doctrine, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise!" When examined last winter before a committee of the rebel Congress, Gen. Lee was more decided in his opinions, and more emphatic in his statements. He then testified that the proposed employment of negroes came too late, and when asked if he would take command of the rebel forces, "with unlimited powers," he replied "that he did not think that any human power could save the Confederacy." Yet, with this conviction he went into the field and fought a series of needless battles, at a cost of at least 25,000 lives! Gen. Lee will require to explain this conduct, or his reputation must remain for ever under a cloud.

GREAT BRITAIN has really something to do to provide for the multitudinous offspring of its "royal house." The heir apparent has been properly pensioned. So has his sister, married to the heir presumptive of Prussia. Now it is asked by "her Majesty's advisers" that the second princess, Helena, who is to marry a Danish Lackland, shall have \$150,000 dowry, and an annuity of \$30,000 a year. Prince Alfred, the sailor-boy, who used to shun the rather weak-headed Prince of Wales, is about coming of age, and wants the nation to give him \$75,000 a year, or three times as much as we give our President! We hope it will pay.

LABOR IN THE SOUTH.

WILDERNESS COUNTY, Miss., March 15, 1866.

To the Editor of Frank Leslie's Newspaper:

In your Illustrated Weekly of March 10th, under the head of "Town Gossip," I find the following: "We could suggest a locality in this great city, where some thousands of hard-working, sober mechanics and laborers, with large families, can be found, * * inhabiting dark, unwholesome tenant-houses, paying heavy rents for each stifled room they occupy. How glad would these over-worked and ill-housed people be to get away from their prison-homes!" etc., etc.

Now allow me to suggest to them to come South. We need them! In the late war we staked our labor upon the sword, and lost. We accept the issue, however; we have made up our minds to abide by it; and now we want labor. You may ask where are our former slaves? Ah! where?

Thousands are dead, large numbers are in the cities, towns, and villages, throughout the land, North and South. At a low estimate, the South is short 1,000,000 laborers for the fields. Those we have left are not so industrious as they might be, and therefore we want more in numbers. But do not think because we ask

for laborers, that we wish to crowd the negro out. It is not so. He is now free, and we are willing for him to be so, and to take him and do for him what we can. Not like many who preach freedom on one hand with the Bible, and with the other hand holding by the hilt the sword of extermination or colonization. We are not able to afford such charity if we would. I have talked with a large number of planters, and the large majority are in favor of extending to the negroes every right except suffrage. Religion, education, labor and pay, all will be afforded them; homes and comfort for themselves and families; but it will take a little time to accomplish all this. We have to recuperate a little of our lost strength, and the more readily to do this, we must have labor.

Thousands of acres of rich lands are lying idle for want of it. I formerly employed two hundred able-bodied hands. This year I have sixty-three. I offered land to laborers, free of rent, to put up fences and give them proper tillage. To the laborers I have, I furnish clothing, and give them one-third of the crops of cotton, corn, etc. My calculations are to make six bales of cotton, with a sufficiency of corn, to each laborer. If they remain, and are faithful, they will, at the end of the year, pocket \$300, cash, and have their corn, potatoes, etc., for another year. I have them bound in a contract—equally binding on myself as on them. They work five days in the week—ten hours each day.

If we succeed this year, we will know better how to manage hereafter; for, mind you, this year is as an experiment to all of us—I mean, by us, Southerners. Last year, I think, a few tried free labor, and did not succeed. They were mostly Northern men. The freedmen complained greatly of being swindled by their employers. But if we succeed or not, we can take a few laborers that will work. We are getting rid of our prejudice toward "Yankees," and if a man will come here and work, he can easily make from \$1 to \$3 per day at farming, or in any other employment he chooses. A good carpenter, or blacksmith, anywhere in this country, makes his \$2 50 to \$5 per day. Then let your capitalists go to work, charitably, earnestly, and raise funds to ship off the surplus poor, whom you say would be "glad to leave their prison-houses." Instead of spending their money on dead and living heroes, let them give it to the lowly and the humble poor. Organize societies, or companies, to furnish homes to laborers. Have agencies North, South and West, throughout the land; tell the poor that there is a passage free to a home where they can earn a good living and breathe pure air, and make themselves a home for their old age and their children.

MISSISSIPPIAN.

FRANK LESLIE'S "ILLUSTRACION AMERICANA."

AMONG the many evidences of the rapidity with which New York is becoming the intellectual as well as financial metropolis of the continent, none is more gratifying than the establishment, in this city, of an Illustrated Newspaper in the Spanish language No. 1 of "FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRACION AMERICANA" is before us, and is without exception the most beautiful illustrated periodical of the day. We make no exceptions in favor of those issued in London or Paris. Hitherto the Spanish American States have received their illustrated papers almost exclusively from Paris—not so much from choice as from their inability to obtain them elsewhere. This deficiency will now be supplied, and a paper eminently American supplied to them, thus binding closer and closer the American nationalities. New York is rapidly superseding London and Paris as a resort for Cubans, Mexicans, Peruvians, and our other continental neighbors and friends; and this intimacy will be greatly promoted by the influence of the "ILLUSTRACION AMERICANA." It is published at \$12 a year.

TOWN GOSSIP.

THERE is one terrible nuisance through all the streets and public places of New York that is unthinkingly put away by the public, and shovved over by the authorities, and yet is one of the most fearful scourges on the social body.

We allude to the hordes of beggar girls in every street and place of public resort in the city. One cannot move ten steps in any crowded thoroughfare, without hearing the perpetual song of "Please, give me a penny?" and turning the head, see perhaps a wretched, ragged, chilly-looking girl, ranging from 4 years to 12, whining out the words with a half impudent, half appealing look toward the expected giver. In many cases the appeal is answered, sometimes from pity, but often to get rid of the annoyance, and another step given to the downward career of these inevitable children of sin.

It seems wonderful that in a great Christian community like our own such terrible things can be viewed by the people with careless eyes, and in the belief that a trifling coin occasionally bestowed can absolve them from the fearful responsibility of the soul and body being lost.

Most of these children are speculations in the hands of grown people, who watch them warily from some safe spot, and in proper time cause them to discharge the amounts they get by their efforts, punishing or rewarding them according to their success. Some of these begging children are in the guise of street-sweepers, some peddlers of balalaikas, tooth-picks, and small wares, but with all the cry is still the same, "Please, give me a penny?" Have we no remedy for this? Have we no means, in this great land of Christian aid and public institutions, of averting the evil that is growing every day, bidding fair to fill our streets with women of the most fearfully abandoned class, or our prisons and poor-houses with thieves and drunkards, before they reach the age when they might be wives and mothers? They infest the drinking-saloons, and we have witnessed more than once some half-intoxicated object, in the appearance of a well-dressed man, offer some little wretch, scarce higher than his hip, a glass of ale, or it may be something stronger, in response to her appeal for a penny for bread, which was greedily swallowed. As time goes on she will know how to buy the poison for herself, and complete the ruin that perhaps in the first instance has been forced on her.

If we are the enlightened and Christian people we claim to be, we must have some public institution, not one supported by private charity, where all such children can be taken by force if they will not go by inclination, and brought up in the ways of industry and morality. We want legislation that will allow us to take the child from its drunken parent, or from the street when vagrant, begging or stealing, and whether it will or no, giving it shelter and warmth, teaching and motherly care. When will this millennium arrive?

It is a favorite theme with the country press to discuss the fashionable extravagance of New York, especially as applying to its women. To a great extent this is true, but we cannot help thinking that this besetting sin, as applied to dress and display, has the redemption

of keeping them out of more serious mischief. Either woman or man must have some occupation, or they fall as naturally into evil ways as a duck runs to water. Among the poorer or middle class of our women they find plenty of occupation in getting a living, or taking care of their families; but with the rich, they have only the adornment of their persons for an occupation, and the study of how to make a display. This keeps them out of more serious evil, and has only this bad effect, that it incites their poorer sisters to attempt the same toilet extravagancies, which is too apt either to end in the ruin of their husbands, fathers, or themselves.

With country women this is different. Their field for extravagance and display is small, and if enlarged much, creates scandal and, unless the parties are well known to be financially able to bear the pressure—loss of credit.

To counter-balance this quietness of dress, they must have some other spice, and as a consequence, fly to scandal and secret flirtations, which are very apt to end badly. Thus it is, without question, that in all small villages, there is a larger proportion of real vice, according to population, than in large cities. It is well for country people to decry the wickedness of New York, but it is well known that country people support it. Ask the keepers of our gambling-houses and concert-saloons, of low haunts of every kind, who it is forms the large majority of their customers, and they will tell you, strangers from the country, or boys brought up there, who have come to New York, and now do business in this city. We do not intend that the rural districts shall plume themselves on their morality without listening to the truth.

We are pleased to announce the effect of a good work.

Since the Working Women's Protective Union opened its rooms for the benefit of the sewing and tradeswomen of this city, it has sent 7,200 persons to employment;

1,735 persons have applied for information on different subjects connected with their various trades and callings; 1,807 employers have given orders for help in numbers varying from one to 100; 247 complaints of working girls against their employers have been legally adjusted, and 125 cases of extreme distress have been relieved by providing the sufferers with employment.

The field of usefulness which the Union has undertaken to occupy is almost boundless, and it is to be hoped that the public will award it a generous support. The officers of the Institution are: Hon. C. P. Daly, President; Wm. R. Roberts, Secretary; Moses S. Beach, Treasurer; Mrs. C. M. Brooks, Superintendent; Charles H. Kelser, Attorney. Donations may be sent to the Treasurer, Moses S. Beach, Esq., *Ses* office, or to the rooms of the Union, No. 20 White street.

Among the items of the day, we notice that the Empress Carlotta, the fair spouse of Maximilian, of Mexico, has sent to this city, to Messrs. George Stock & Co., for a piano, and has forwarded a grand instrument, which shows palpably that her majesty is no way prejudiced against Yankee music.

The sensation of the week, in a dramatic way, has been the debut of Mr. J. Newton Gotthold, at Othello, at Winter Garden, for the benefit of Mr. Jackson, the Treasurer, and his playing the same character on two subsequent nights.

For any new actor to get three nights from a New York manager at this time, shows that there must be something in him that has attracted somebody.

Mr. Gotthold came here unheralded, from an engagement at Drury Lane Theatre, London, and from under the hands of Walter Lacy, as an instructor. He is an American, Virginian born, and went to Europe for study.

The house, on the night of the 26th, was densely packed, \$1,700 having been taken at the box-office,

which, in itself, is an item wonderfully worth recording, when it is remembered that it was the evening that followed Mr. Booth's Matinee, and sandwiched between two of his nights.

Mr. Gotthold was received warmly, and betrayed little of nervousness, though he must have felt it, appearing, as he did, before an audience, a large part of whom were personal friends, who are, whatever critics may say to the contrary, the worst and most exacting of all auditors. He had not been many minutes on the stage when they knew that they were not to be treated to rant. The first and second acts went quietly through the speech, "Most potent, grave and reverend Signors," was beautifully given, and the audience testified its appreciation at his good points without spoiling it, as sometimes such audiences do, by indiscriminate applause.

In the third act, he began to warm with his work, and at its close brought the house down in real, genuine approbation. From that to the closing of the fifth act Mr. Gotthold kept his auditors to their seats, and we were pleased to see, whether it was from the interest he created or other cause, we know not, retained their to the very fall of the curtain, instead of their starting, like a covey of frightened partridges, five minutes before the conclusion of the play.

Mr. Gotthold is a fine reader, his voice is clear, and his enunciation good and careful. He has a telling figure, an excellent stage face, and his make-up is deserving of all commendation. There is but one thing required to make him a great actor, and that can only come with time: we mean forcible action. With his physique, more movement is expected.

We look upon the debut of Mr. Gotthold as the best that has been made by an actor on the New York stage for many years, and we will be mistaken if he is not to be heard of yet in an emphatic way.

EPIOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The friends of the Mexican Republic in Washington, have printed a statement of the comparative financial condition of Mexico under Republican and Monarchical rule. It shows that the total foreign debt, as recognized in 1862, was \$32,000,000, less than \$8,000,000 of which is due to French; nearly \$9,000,000 to Spanish, and the remainder to English subjects. While the annual expenditures of the Republic, as established by Congress in 1861, is stated at \$11,000,000, those of the so-called Empire are said to be nearly \$50,000,000. It is further asserted that, in addition to the \$150,000,000 as the amount of the public loans put out for Maximilian in France and taken by French subjects, there have been expended from the public revenues of France up to the end of the year 1865, in this attempt to propagate monarchical institutions on the American continent, \$150,000,000 more.

The *Planter's Banner*, published in St. Mary's Parish, Louisiana, says: "Spring has opened apparently in good earnest. Blue-birds, mocking-birds, martins and numerous other birds, are as merry as larks in mid-summer. Bats, alligators, lizards and frogs are making their characteristic spring displays. Bees act as though they would swarm if they felt sure the cold weather was over. Leaves, buds, blossoms, flowers and green clover salute our eyes in all directions. Irish potatoes, peas, cabbage plants, celery, lettuce, radishes and other green vegetables, appear in the gardens, and are preparing to spread themselves."

The Salt Lake *Videot* says: "We have information from good authority, that Brigham Young recently announced, in grand council, his unalterable determination to stand or fall by polygamy. It was ordered that all church officials should forthwith be instructed to promulgate this fact, and urge by every means the entrance in plurality at once of all persons who desired to hold good standing in the church. Immediate compliance was to be required, and those who failed or refused were to be informed that the church disowned them—all must become polygamists, or be no longer recognized as among the faithful."

The Richmond (Va.) *Republic*, is exceedingly ignorant that the ladies of that city, after parting with jewelry, clothing, etc., in order to buy bread, should now be forced to labor 15 hours a day to earn 30 or 40 cents. It adds: "If the ladies will furnish us with the names of these ghouls, and a list of the prices they pay, we promise to brand them with their infamy that they shall be known and despised throughout the land."

The Memphis (Tenn.) *Post*, asserts that, at the New Theatre in that city, the "Star Spangled Banner" and "Yankee Doodle" were recently hissed, and Southern airs applauded. It also says: "Yesterday two men were swaggering through the streets in Confederate gray, with belts having on the old 'C. S.' buckle, and two pistols slung in the belts and openly worn. The citizens did not remonstrate. No one of them spoke in disapproval."

New England papers represent a great scarcity of house-room in every town along the Sound, within any reasonable distance of New York. Hotels and boarding-places are taken up already by panic-stricken New Yorkers, who have fled or intend to flee from the threatened cholera visitation. From New Haven to New London, Conn., there is not a place to be had. The same is true of Norwich and other towns.

The North Carolina papers are full of statements going to show that plantations in that section are being rapidly bought up by Northerners. A Jerseyman recently purchased 1,300 acres in Wadesboro, N. C., at \$11 per acre. A New York Company are on the point of taking 10,000 acres in the same State, on which they will settle English emigrants.

About 1,000 divorces have been decreed in Massachusetts in six years, of which 584 were for desertion; 553 for criminality; 132 for cruelty, and 42 from other causes. It is known that 1,316 were decreed in the five years that ended May 1, 1865—and at the same rate, during the last 11 months, it may be assumed that the grand total is not far from 1,000.

There are now over 500 large manufacturing establishments in Pittsburgh suburbs, among which are 50 glass factories, 65 oil refineries, 31 rolling mills, 45 iron foundries, 33 machine shops, 12 boiler works, 6 large steel works, 10 brass founders, 16 potteries, 5 cotton mills, 9 plow works, 10 establishments for heavy forging; also a number of extensive white lead factories, chemical works, saw, axe, copper and other manufacturers of only the great staples of trade, turning out nearly \$100,000,000 in value of her own manufactures—making it the largest manufacturing city of the West.

The New Albany (Ind.) *Commercial* remarks that houses are so scarce in that city, that several men in the lower part of the town are building flat-bottom houses, intending to anchor them out in front of the city, and move their families into them. Several of these marine dwellings are now in course of construction at the city ship-yards.

It is stated that the Hudson River Railroad Company have ordered 6,000 tons of steel rails, sufficient to lay 60 miles of road, and as the iron wears out, it is to be replaced by steel. They cost twice as much, and will wear ten times as long as iron.

A Georgia paper adduces many cogent reasons for believing that the cotton crop of the South, the present year, will not, in any event, exceed 2,000,000 bales, and may fall short of this amount by 500,000.

The *Loyal Georgian*, published at Atlanta in the interests of the freedmen, claims to have among that class regular readers and subscribers to the extent of 20,000.

The West Baton Rouge (La.) *Sugar Planter* says:

"Up to the present time, we have heard no complaints by the freedmen or of the freedmen. Employers and employees appear to be satisfied with each other. The freedmen seem disposed to carry out their contracts in good faith, working with a diligence and energy smacking of bygone days.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* calculates the probable expenditures of that city for 1866, as something more than \$6,000,000.

A new line of steamers is announced to run between this port and the ports of Laguna and Puerto Cabello, in Venezuela, touching at St. Thomas; and the first vessel of the line, the Vicksburg, is expected to sail from New York on the 6th day of April.

The state treasurer of Indiana recently received, in a package of money from the treasurer of Rose County, a \$20 bill, signed by the treasurer of the United States, made payable in Heaven, and with the Angel Gabriel's name affixed as cashier. The note was issued by the National Bank of Jeffersonville, and is printed from a genuine plate. The bank, however, refuses to redeem it, and a suit will be brought by Mr. Morrison for its recovery.

According to official report, there are in Alabama 6,732,059 acres of vacant public lands; in Louisiana, 6,228,102 acres; in Florida, 1,932,796 acres; in Mississippi, 4,760,736 acres; and in Arkansas, 9,225,013 acres.

An old colored preacher at Port Gibson, Miss., recently baptized 50 colored converts, and charged them \$1 a piece. On the following Sunday he succeeded in inducing two to present themselves who were willing to pay. Becoming indignant at the parsimony of his congregation, he refused to baptize the two candidates for glory, saying, "he warn't gwine to steal himself up for \$2."

A gentleman, living about 10 miles from Wilmington, N. C., contracted last year with 42 negroes that they should have the use of his farm of 320 acres, including all the stock and implements, provided they would give him one-third of the products. His share has been ascertained to be four bushels and three pecks of corn, 275lb of fodder, 13lb of rice, four roasting ears, and a quart of tomatoes!

In the country about Vicksburg, both in Mississippi and Louisiana, 8 Union Generals, between 50 and 60 late colonels and majors, and several hundred privates and non-commissioned officers, discharged at the close of the war from the Union army, are now living in that region, engaged in various occupations, many of them in partnership with officers and soldiers of the rebel army.

Spangler, Mudd and O'Laughlin, at last account from the *Dry Tortugas*, are taking their imprisonment very philosophically, and have conducted themselves so as to get released from the heavy irons they have been wearing.

Little Bee, one of the chiefs of the Chippewa Indians, a delegation of whom is now in Washington to see their Great Father, died on Saturday last, with the disease known as black measles. His remains were interred, with Christian rites, in the Congressional Burying Ground.

A detachment of regulars passed through Cincinnati on Friday night, on their way to the lake cities, to guard against a Fenian invasion of Canada. A Fenian "Senator," residing in Cincinnati, on hearing of the fact, said there would be plenty of work for them in a short time.

The family of Mr. Uriah Tompkins, of Greenburg, West Chester county, consisting of six persons, were poison'd a few days ago. The poison was in the food; but what got there is a mystery. Some of the family have died, but others are likely to recover. The food has been handed to a chemist to be analyzed.

An officer, an orderly sergeant, and 32 soldiers, belonging to the Austrian forces, which were sent to join Maximilian's army in Mexico, arrived in Philadelphia, on Tuesday afternoon, having deserted from their command. The men were dressed in gray uniforms, and upon landing they were mistaken for rebels by some boys, who commenced stoning them.

The Canton (Ill.) *Register* says that a cattle disease has made its appearance in that State. The animals are perfectly well one day, and die the next. The *Register* is informed that a number have died from it. That kind of "disease" is apt to break out among swine about "hog-killing time."

A curious case occurred in Louisville, Ky. A man named Smith put his hand into a feed trough, expecting to find a pet hen. Instead, he found the body of his boy, aged 13 years, who had accidentally shot himself while getting down from the mow.

One of the Government Revenue detectives on the Canadian frontier writes to the Commissioner of Customs, that the smugglers have laid pipes across the St. Lawrence River, and are engaged in pumping whisky from Canada to the United States. That will do! Step down! Call the next witness!

If they punish the freedmen with severity in Mississippi courts, it is not because any special lenity is shown to the Anglo-Saxon race. For instance, the *Aberdeen Sunday School* says, that in Monroe county, "James Patterson, a white man, convicted of petit larceny, was recently sentenced to suspension by the thumbs for two weeks each day, for two days."

Foreign.—According to the statistics of 1865, there were 26,622,313 head of cattle in the whole island of Jamaica. Compared with 1859, when they footed up only 26,014,336, this is an increase of 10,007,976 in six years, or 40.47 per cent.

How long a horse can live without food is decided by experiments recently made in France. It was ascertained, by cruel means, that a horse will live for 25 days without solid food, merely drinking water. He may live 17 days when consuming solid food without drinking. After taking solid aliment for the space of 10 days, but with an insufficient quantity of drink, the stomach is worn out. The above facts show the importance of water in the sustenance of the horse. A horse which had been deprived of water for three days, drank 11 gallons in the space of three minutes.

The people of Manchester have determined to erect a statue of Richard Cobden to cost \$12,000.

It is estimated that 18,000 elephants are yearly killed to supply Sheffield alone with ivory.

The population of Greece is 1,300,000. The country is able to sustain four times this number.

The navy of Denmark consists of 36 vessels, two of which are iron-clads.

According to the Cork *Examiner*, upward of 4,000 persons left Ireland during the first week of the present month, going to the United States by way of Queenstown. It is estimated that two-thirds of the number were of the middle and farming class. The farmers were complaining last year of the want of laborers to gather in the harvest; but if the emigration continues at the present rate (says the *Examiner*), 1,500 a week, they will certainly have more cause to complain this year, as those leaving now are mostly of that class. About 600 passengers are now waiting in Queenstown to get away by the steamers.

Some strange statistics of matrimonial life in Ireland have just made their appearance. During the past twelve months, 2,344 wives have fled the conjugal roof without leaving their future address; of husbands who have done likewise there are 4,427; of married couples separated (not divorced) there are 7,115; of ditto who have agreed to live apart, 5,340; of husbands and wives living at daggers drawn, 31,912; of happy couples, 34; of mutually indifferent, 61,430. These facts are ascertained from the spies employed by the police, and the completeness of the espionage thus exercised, is illustrated by a case stated in a Paris letter. A pastor had some doubts of an English family that had lately settled in his parish, and had borrowed \$40 from him. The pastor being on intimate terms with a *chef de division* at the Prefecture of Police, stated the case. The *chef* inquired the name and address, rang a bell, desired his clerk to bring him Register C, and under that letter the proceedings of the family during a two years' residence in the country parts of France were accurately recorded.

The Cronstadt *Messenger* describes the operations lately carried on for the recovery of the sunken war ships at the entrance of Sebastopol harbor. More than half-a-dozen of those hulls have been raised, and 1,200 guns have been rescued from the depths of the Black Sea, with a large quantity of copper and other available property. There does not, however, appear to be any attempt at reconstructing the abandoned city, even as a mercantile resort.

The Tycoon, or Emperor of Japan, has sent to Louis Napoleon a present of 15,000 cases of silk worms—a very acceptable gift, as some kind of disease has carried off nearly all the silk worms raised in the South of France, causing thereby great distress to the people who subsist by their care and the manufacture of silk.

In Toronto, recently, Chief Justice Draper charged the Grand Jury in relation to the Fenians. He concluded thus: "There can be but one reception for the invaders, and stern and pitiless opposition to repel the aggression—striking for Queen and country, for law and liberty, for wives and children—and may God defend our rights."

According to a London letter, John Stuart Mill has given the House of Commons a lesson on manners. He not only sits without his hat, but even sets the example of leaving it at the door—a proceeding which singular, unparallel and unprecedented.

A ritualistic clergyman in Exeter, England, has asserted from the pulpit that the rinderpest was sent to remind the people of fasting in Lent, and that they will be compelled from famine to fast in Lent, 1867.

A procession of 79 elephants, arrayed in gay trappings, was one of the striking features of a large industrial exhibition at Nagpore, India. It was a most picturesque sight.

An English baronet was recently sentenced to six weeks' hard labor and compelled to pay a fine of \$30, for marking and causing to be felled two trees on an estate to which he laid claim.

At an auction sale at a convent near Paris, 300 pounds of hair from the heads of young girls who have taken the veil since 1810, brought \$6,000.

A letter from Florence Nightingale, dated at London, Feb. 23d, speaks of her *health* as ever more delicate than it has been. She says, "I am always and entirely a prisoner to my room."

The perplexity of the British Government as to the real whereabouts of the Fenian Republic, arises probably from its having so many different centers.

The innocent inventor of a contrivance for charging soda water bottles, with a sample in his possession, was mistaken for a Fenian with a "to-pedo" or "internal machine," and arrested in Hamilton, Canada, the other day.

The *Soldiers' and Sailors' Employment and Relief Agency*.

The *Soldiers' and Sailors' Employment and Relief Agency*, which has for the last 10 months procured, free of charge, suitable employment for our discharged veterans, and relief for the disabled men, as well as for the widows and orphans of the war, has been originated by Col. J. B. Herman, supported by some of the best citizens of this metropolis. The Employment Bureau has provided over 1,200 situations, and the Select Bureau is now distributing relief each month among the most suffering of its applicants; over 500 individuals have, on the 23d of last month, been supplied with one week's

APRIL 14, 1866.

**SEÑOR DON DO-
MINGO DULCE,
Captain-General of
Cuba.**

DON DOMINGO DULCE y Garay Lieutenant-General of the Spanish forces and Captain-General of the Island of Cuba, was born in the city of Soto, Spain, in the year 1806, and is consequently 59 years old. Descended from a titled family, he took up the career of arms, and took an active part against the Carlists in the Spanish Civil Wars. For personal bravery in defending the palace of the Queen, he was made Gentleman of Bed-Chamber in 1842, and Brigadier-General of Cavalry in 1847. For further services against the Carlists he was made Field-Marshal in 1849, holding subsequently the post of Commandant of the Provinces of Seville, Zaragoza, etc., together with other offices of trust and responsibility, until named to the distinguished position he now holds.

**PERUVIAN IRON-CLAD
Turret-Ship Huascar.**

MESSRS. LAIRD BROS., of Birkenhead—whose names have a familiar sound to American ears—have lately completed for the Peruvian Government an armor-clad sea-going turret-ship, of 1,100 tons and 300 horse-power, with a speed of more than 12 knots an hour, on a draught of water of 16 feet, throwing a weight of broadside of 600lb from her turret, besides carrying two 40-pounder rifled guns on the quarter-deck. The dimensions are about 200 feet extreme length; 35 feet breadth; 20 feet deep; and 1,100 tons measurement. The hull is of iron of great strength, and is divided internally by bulkheads into water-tight compartments, so as to enclose her turret, engines, boilers—all, her vital points, in fact—in separate compartments. In addition to this provision for the ship's security, there is a double bottom under the engines, boilers, turrets and magazines, extending up to the lower deck. The armor-plating is $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick, extending from her upper deck to $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet below the load water-line, slightly tapering toward the bow and stern, to lessen the tendency to pitch in a seaway, and rests on teak backing 10 inches thick.

The accommodation for the officers and crew is of a very superior description; well ventilated, by means of skylights and side scuttles; and there is free communication from one end of the ship to the other, by iron sliding-doors on all the watertight bulkheads.

The spaces in the store-room and magazines are ample for the stowage of six months' provisions and ammunition. The turret is cylindrical in shape, covered with armor-plates $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick, and is placed before the

engine-room, and is fitted with slides and carriages for two $13\frac{1}{2}$ tun 300-pounder guns, on the system of Captain Cowper P. Coles, R. N. The rig is that of a brig, the foremast being fitted as a tripod, on Captain Coles's

patent, to give greater range of training to the guns in the turret.

The engines are 300 horse-power, nominal; having cylinders 54 inches in diameter, 8 feet stroke, driving a

putting a play upon the stage, will follow it up. The scene we illustrate is in the last act, where Moses, denouncing Pharaoh and his idols, is set upon by the soldiers.

four-bladed screw-propeller 14 feet 9 inches in diameter, 17 feet 9 inches pitch. The cylinders have steam-jackets and improved expansion valves.

The trials of speed made at the measured mile gave as the result of four runs a speed of 12-27 knots an hour. At the time of these trials the vessel was completed in every way, except guns and sea-stores, and had 100 tons of coal in the bunkers. The mean draught of water was 14 feet 3 inches; the engines made 78 revolutions; pressure of steam 25lb, vacuum, 26 inches; indicated horse-power, 1,680. The engines worked very well, and the boilers gave an abundant supply of steam. The ship was quick in answering her helm, and her steering arrangements are excellent, having one wheel in front of the poop, and the second under the pilot-tower, forward. The Huascar has since been sent to sea, with her guns and all stores, and has behaved very well.

**MOSES;
Or, Israel in Egypt,
at Barnum's.**

In accordance with our desire to give our readers illustrations of everything worthy of notice in the different theatres, we offer this week an excellent representation of a scene in Barnum's new play of "Moses; or, Israel in Egypt."

We have been too long accustomed to associate the idea in our minds of lightness and want of care in the getting-up of plays for the Museum; but if ever it was deserved, and we are among the doubters, it certainly is so no longer.

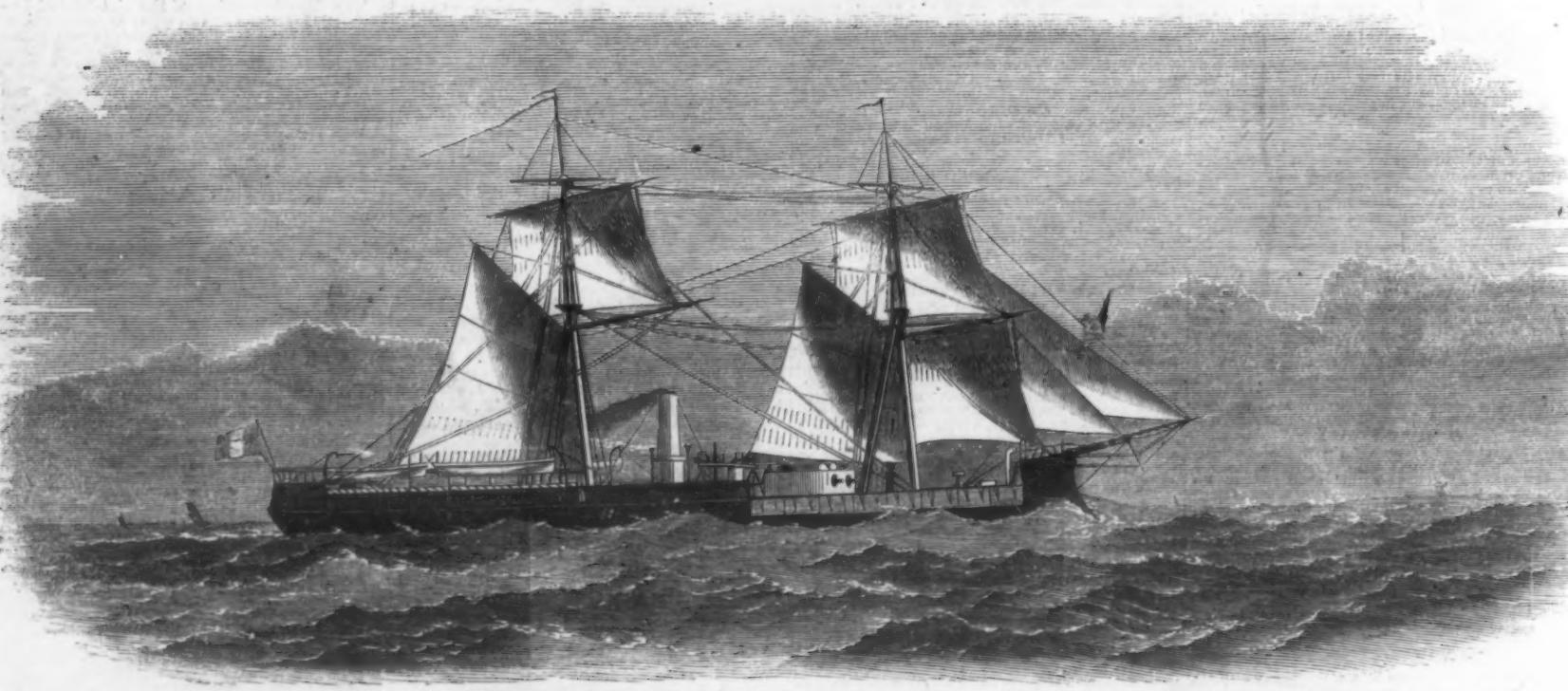
The present play is elegantly done, and for scenery and costumes puts to shame the best efforts of our large theatres. The moving panorama of the Nile is superb as a work of art, and truthful to the letter. The light is charmingly managed, and that dim, hazy atmosphere, which Nile travelers know so well, is produced beautifully.

Altogether the play has been a success, and among the crowds that go to see it, we are glad that we can count artists and amateurs of note, and a class that heretofore have chosen to think that the Museum was a very good place to send their children, but too childish for themselves.

In fact, "Moses; or, Israel in Egypt" has been a great success, and has rewarded the manager with interest. How long it will run it is impossible to say, judging by present appearances — perhaps for a year; but whenever it does run out, it is hoped that the Museum, having shown its capability of doing something great in



SEÑOR DON DOMINGO DULCE, MARQUES DE CASTELL FLORITE, CAPTAIN GENERAL OF CUBA.



THE PERUVIAN IRON-CLAD TURRET SHIP HUASCAR, BUILT IN THE MERSEY, ENGLAND.



SCENE FROM "MOSES; OR ISRAEL IN EGYPT," THE NEW PLAY, NOW BEING PERFORMED AT BARNUM'S MUSEUM, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THE CLAQUE IN PARIS.—Every theatre in Paris has its own *claque*, and every *claque* has its own leader, who is practically as much a leader as the leader of the orchestra, and is professionally designated *le chef de la claque*. The management deals with the *chef* only, who employs his own assistants, and is responsible for them. These assist-

ants are continually changed and badly paid, and vigorous measures are adopted to secure their diligence and punctuality. The *chef*, who is permanent, makes a large income, and his carriage at the stage-door indicates the position he has acquired in the theatre. His sources of income are numerous and elastic. He is paid a regular salary by the manager,

and in addition he levies black mail on the *artistes*. Every *artiste* must pay him. No pay, no applause; and as the actor cannot live without applause, pay is inevitable. The usual mode is to enter into a contract for a month. The minimum fee for a month, from the poorest and most obscure person in the theatre, may be set down at 50 francs. The maximum has no limit. It mounts according to the ambition or the

means of the actor. As much as 500 francs have been known to be paid for a single night's applause. The ordinary month's contract does not cover all occasions. When a new play is brought out, or a stock play is reproduced, each of the actors is personally waited upon for instructions as to the particular passages at which they desire applause, and fees are charged accordingly.



GIVING RELIEF TO DISABLED SOLDIERS AND THEIR FAMILIES, AT THE SOLDIERS' EMPLOYMENT AGENCY, NEW CANAL STREET, NEAR THE BOWERY, NEW YORK.

DEAF AND DUMB.
BY MISS R. V. ROBERTS.

I MURMURED sorely at my cross, it rent my heart to see
My darling's questioning, earnest eyes, so often fixed on me,
Watching the movement of my lips, the words she could not hear,
With such a wistful, eager look, was more than I could bear.
I yearned, with passionate desire, to see her sweet lips frame,
And hear a laughing, childish voice utter its mother's name;
But never yet my craving heart has heard that lisping tone—
Spell-bound the lips and sealed the ears—and she our only one!
Her face so fair; the violet eyes, the brow so full of mind,
And surely that soft, gentle smile tell heart and soul refined;
And sweet emotions, loving thoughts, her mute lips cannot speak,
Are told by dewy glance, or varying color in her cheek.
My heart was sad with longing vain, as I sat in thought one day,
Watching my little five-year girl at placid, silent play,
When to my soul some angel-voice spake words ne'er heard before,
And since I heard those spirit-tones I mourn my cross no more:

"Grieve not because she cannot hear
The melody of earth;
The unseen world to her is near,
The music of a better sphere,
Notes of a loftier mirth,
And angel messages to her are brought,
And angels guard her from each evil thought.

"Grieve not because she cannot hear:
For many an evil word
At which the pure soul shrinks, I fear
Would fall upon her startled ear
And grieve as soon as heard;
And make her wish again this silence sweet,
And long once more these Sabbath hours to greet.

"Grieve not because she cannot hear:
No inharmonious sound,
No cruel word can startle her tear;
And is she not more fondly dear
To all who circle round?
And heart to heart, and soul to soul can speak,
Even though no voice the outward silence break.

"Grieve not because she cannot hear:
She hears the still small voice
That speaketh to the spirit's ear—
'If thou with me the cross wilt bear,
With me shalt thou rejoice.'
Oh, blessed! thus God's chastening to receive,
Who with it such sweet comforting doth give.

"Grieve not because she cannot hear:
The everlasting chime
Shall break upon her raptured ear—
Christ's 'Ephphatha' her heart shall cheer,
With heaven-harps keeping time;
Her well-tuned lips shall to that Saviour sing,
Who folds her evermore beneath his wing.

"Grieve not because she cannot hear:
Oh, heaven's choral strain—
That heaven which she dwells so near—
Will deeper sound, more sweet, more clear,
Her loss is her best gain;
Unspotted from the world, pure, undefiled.
God's jealous guard is round his favored child."

THAT KITTEN.

My name is Cressingham Cressingham, a name fit for an English baronet at least, but which, I regret to say, for years only had an opportunity of airing its splendor in cheap newspapers. I am a pony-a-liner, who, on his twenty-fifth birthday, found himself reduced to a fourth floor, back room, in a mechanics' boarding-house, and no change in his pocket to speak of.

To say that I was resigned to this state of affairs would be a slight exaggeration. On the contrary, I rebelled against it most energetically. I wrote heart-rending tales, wherein the talented hero became, through the justice of his fellow-men, a desperate criminal.

I had thoughts of becoming one myself; and to that end turned over in my mind a thousand projects for reclaiming my share of the world's goods from those who were the possessors of their own and mine, too. But as they all had a strong suspicion of the Tombs or Blackwell's Island about them, I abandoned them all in disgust.

I was handsome, and as stylish as a threadbare coat, antidiluvian hat, and heavy shoes, would admit.

"If some heiress would only become enamored of my charms," I groaned, in tribulation of spirit, one afternoon, as I walked down — avenue. I should make a faultless spouse. What a pity I did not know some wealthy young lady who thought so, too. I had dropped all my acquaintances purposefully, as I grew poorer and poorer, and could not now boast of one.

On I went, oblivious of everything except my own half comic, half gloomy fancies, down the avenue. It was growing rapidly dark, and as I was quite a distance from my own palatial abode, I was under the impression that I should be minus my supper if I loitered.

Suddenly a little white ball rolled, rather than ran, under my feet, spitzous, long-drawn "me-o-w" fell upon my ear, followed by an indignant exclamation in a female voice.

I looked up in bewilderment, and in a minute

understood it all. I stood directly under the window of a handsome house; at that window, which was open, sat a gentleman and a young girl. Miss Pussy had made her advent from that particular portion of space, and I rightly judged, through the active instrumentality of the aforesaid gentleman.

"Wretch!" cried the young lady, indignantly, and disappeared from the window.

I stooped and rescued Miss Pussy from her ignominious position. Truly she was a dainty little creature, white as a ball of new-fallen snow, and yet a kitten. With a mixture of real feeling and diplomatic acting, I pressed it to my cheek, muttering tenderly, "Poor kitty!—poor little pussy!" At that instant the door of the house opened, and a slender figure ran down the steps, pausing before Cressingham Cressingham, Esq.

"Give her to me, quick!" cried the young lady, imperiously; then, as I delivered the kitten into her arms, she went on:

"Thank you! thank you! that wretch threw her out of the window because she climbed upon my shoulder. I'll make him suffer for it!"

It was almost dark, but as she stood there before me, I could see that she was very pretty, with dark hair and a slight, delicate figure.

Calling the gods to my aid, I made a low bow, and said, coolly:

"No thanks! I am very happy to have been of any service. The man is a brute!" and passed on, leaving my young lady to her reflections, and the offending gentleman to his, as well. I did not cease congratulating myself on this incident for weeks afterward. I amused myself highly by picturing some future encounter, when the kitten episode should prove a foundation upon which to build an edifice of love. In fact, I dreamed of her night and day, and finally decided that none other than she should be my wife.

Two months went by. My coat was seedier than ever, and I was growing misanthropic. One warm afternoon in September I sat at my open window surveying—not the landscape, for there wasn't any to survey—but gazing at the glowing sky and the back yards of my neighbors. The house wherein I abode was the second from the corner, and of course the backs of the houses fronting on the other street were at right angles with it. Nothing was easier than to look into those windows which were curtainless, and certainly very few of them were anything else.

For some reason, I know not why, my eyes were suddenly and mysteriously attracted to the fourth floor window of the second house opposite. At that window sat a young girl, so beautiful that I fairly started with amazement. A girl with an oval face, a low, broad forehead, crowned with hair blacker than midnight.

No flush of rose stained the dusky cheek, but the full lips were deepest crimson; and then her eyes! large, languid, velvet-dark and shaded by thick, long lashes. How came such a patrician face in such a street, in such a place? I was struck dumb with amazement as I saw the ugly calico dress, in which she was attired, the coarse brown cloth upon which she worked, the bare walls of the room in which she sat. She should have been in a palace; she no more belonged there than I.

At last she raised her eyes, not to meet mine, but to rest upon the roof over my head. Evidently she saw there an unwelcome sight, for she gave a little cry and started to her feet. I leaned out of the window and looked up, and a desire to laugh almost overcame me as I saw the smutched and blackened face of a forlorn-looking kitten peering over the edge of the roof at me. It was plainly that sight which had caused the cry.

For a moment I hesitated, regarding her evident distress, and also deliberating, was I to be a kitten knight-errant? So it seemed, at all events, and making a sign to her that I would rescue the little animal, I left the window and started for the scuttle. Once upon the roof, I found that it was no easy matter to capture my prize, who scampered hither and thither over the tin in terror at my advances. Half a dozen times I determined to leave the wretched to its fate, but the black eyes, watching so appealingly from below, animated my sinking courage. At last, by dint of coaxing and patience, I secured the creature, and descended with it. A moment after, I appeared at my own window, kitten in arms, and made signs to its fair owner that I would come to her with it if she would allow me.

Even at that distance I saw her blush deeply and hesitate, but it was only for a moment. The kitten conquered, and its mistress disappeared from the window. I snatched my hat, dashed down the stairs, out at the street door, round the corner, ran up the steps of the second house, pulled the bell, and was admitted to a shabby parlor and the presence of my beauty. Quietly she stood before me, much smaller than I had thought her, more beautiful and not at all discomposed. In one minute I was desperately madly in love with this girl in an ugly calico dress, who lived in a cheap boarding-house, and was evidently as poor as myself. My voice even trembled as I presented the forlorn little cat, and received her earnest thanks.

"Poor pet!" she murmured, with tears in her eyes. "Did I almost lose you, my only friend? and how wretched you look, Kitty, dear. I must wash you, and make you pretty. I've got one ribbon left—"

She paused abruptly, biting her lip with vexation, glancing furtively at me from beneath those midnight lashes. But I had heard, observed nothing, apparently. Twenty minutes after I left her, having secured the blessed privilege of calling again. Never was mortal man more in love. I forgot my dreams of the avenue damsel, and all other heiresses in general.

Violet—that was her name—completely absorbed me. I lived in heaven; my desolate life suddenly became beautiful; she was my sun and my star. I saw her almost daily for weeks, but strange to say, I learned no more of her than in that first

meeting, except, indeed, as regards mind, heart and inner life. I found that her name was Violet Wrexall; that she lived alone, and that she sewed for her daily bread. I never saw her go out in the street unless closely veiled, and even then not until dusk. In spite of all this mystery, my faith in her was implicit, my reverence unbounded.

Never before had I so madly longed for, not wealth, but enough money to lift me above abject poverty. How I hated my mean attire, since she saw it daily.

At last came stroke of good luck. I secured a position on a city paper, as sub-editor, on a salary of fifteen dollars a week! Small you say; to me it was princely, magnificent. I acted more like an inmate of a lunatic asylum, upon receiving the news, than a sensible individual. I laughed, and cried, and sung for an hour, then put on my hat, and called upon Violet.

She came down in wonder, for my call came at an unusual time—in the morning.

"What is it?" she questioned, wonderingly.

"This!" I cried; "that I have secured a position at fifteen dollars a week, and that I can now ask you to love me—to become my wife."

For a moment, my darling gazed earnestly in my face, a strange, bright color coming and going on her cheek.

"I love you now," she said.

"And will marry me—"

The beauteous face became visibly pale.

"I cannot even answer that question until tomorrow. Go now, dear—I want to be alone. Come in the morning at eleven, and I will give you your answer."

"If that answer is 'yes' will you be ready to go to the church with me then?"

"I will."

I was in the seventh heaven, and doubted not what that decision would be. That night I spent in picturing to myself the dear home where she should reign. I thought of that beautiful form, in velvets and satins, doubtless not but some day I should be able to procure them for her.

I was very sanguine you see.

The next morning I sallied forth, arrayed in unwonted splendor—for I had received a month's salary in advance—and twenty dollars in my pocket. I had even been reckless enough to hire a carriage. How proudly I rang that bell. How anxiously I waited her coming. At last she came, lovely in a violet dress and a dainty hat, and radiant with delight.

"Yes, yes!" she cried, swiftly. "Come! let us go. You see that I am dressed. I pawned my mother's diamond ring to get it. Am I not lovely. Come!"

Through all my happiness I was amazed at her strange manner, but I could not stop to think of that. In fifteen minutes we were at the church, but my wife gave her name as Violet David, and when the last word of the ceremony was pronounced, she turned to me and said:

"Blessed be kitten!"

This was extraordinary language, to say the least, but Mrs. Cressingham Cressingham would give no explanation, and seated herself in the carriage with a triumphant little smile.

"Drive to No. 15 — street," she said to the coachman.

No. 15 was her former abiding place. I could not get her to speak until she arrived there, when, stepping from the carriage she commanded me to remain.

In two minutes she had flown into the house and out again, bearing the kitten in her arms. I could but welcome the little creature, for had she not been the means of my knowing her. I didn't know yet, however, how much I owed to that kitten, bless it! Still Violet was mute. She would only kiss me, and laugh when I asked the very natural question of "where were we going?"

At last, obedient to her orders, the carriage drew up before that identical house in the avenue which I remembered so well.

"We stop here a few moments," said Mrs. Cressingham, with a delightful smile, and a servant ran down the marble steps.

"Is Mr. David at home?" asked Violet, eagerly.

"Yes, miss."

"Mrs. John!"

The servant stared, looked at me, smiled, and followed us up the steps, and into the magnificent parlors.

I stared at Violet in hopeless perplexity.

"What does this mean?" I faltered.

The slender figure at my side drew itself up with mock hauteur.

"That this is your future home. This was, until this morning, the property of my father; it is now yours. Voila tout!"

A very pretty ending to a very pretty farce. I drew myself up with real hauteur.

"And you mean—"

"That I love you."

"Violet, for God's sake, what does this mean?—who are you? Have you been deceiving me?"

Her arms were around me, her kisses stifling the angry words.

"Hush, impudent! Read this," and she put a letter into my hands.

I stared for a moment stupidly, then read the following, in Violet's handwriting, and dated the preceding day:

"Father—A month ago I left home, vowing never to return, and leaving word that if you attempted to discover me I should destroy myself. You wisely desisted from so doing, for I believe that you love me. To-morrow I marry a man whom I love devotedly, an utterly stranger to you, but one whom you may be proud to own as the husband of your only child. I now ask you if you will receive us? If so, the love of two devoted hearts shall reward you; if not, you will never see your daughter again." VIOLET."

"The other letter, Violet?"

For she held another. She gave it to me. It said:

"My Child—Come home, and bring your husband; you will meet a loving welcome. Come,

my darling. Everything shall be yours and his. Your FATHER."

"And I have come," murmured my wife, and turning, she threw herself into the arms of a gray-headed old man, who had entered the room unperceived.

"You see," said my wife, laughingly, "you have married an heiress, after all, dear, as you used to tell me you intended to do, but forgot all about it when you saw me. It is all this blessed kitten's doing, though. Kiss her, you ungrateful man! I'll tell you all about it. Mamma died two years ago, and I was installed at the head of the household. But I was first as willful and pettish as when I was five years old. Papa has an awful temper—so passionate; but he forgets it all in an hour, and he makes me very happy. Well, he was very proud of me, and wanted me to make a splendid match. In the end he singled out Gilbert Wain, and told me that I must love and marry him, because he was a great catch. I didn't love anybody except papa, and this dear pussy, so I didn't mind very much what he said at first; but pretty soon I began to dislike Mr. Wain. One evening, as I was sitting by this very window, and he was sitting beside me, Kitty came in and climbed up on his shoulder. It seems he hates cats; at any rate, he threw my poor little darling into the street. I was so angry, and rushed out to get her. A strange gentleman had picked her up, and was soothooing her—"

"That was me, wife."

"You!" and her black eyes opened incredulously; then the little witch broke into a peal of laughter, like joy-bells. "How comical! Dear me! Isn't it? What did you think of me?"

"I thought you were a darling."

"And to think we never recognized each other! But, to go on: I went back in the house, and spoke so sharply to him that he got very angry. After that, for about a month, we quarreled incessantly; and one day I told papa that I would never marry him. He got in such a passion, and said that I should either be that man's wife or leave the house. I left him without a word, went up-stairs, put on that purple dress I had on this morning, put my pocket-book in my pocket—it had twenty dollars in it—took Kitty, and left the house. That was a month ago. I got board in that house you found me in, found sewing to do, and should have staid there forever, if Kitty hadn't gone up on the roof to promenade."

I kissed my bride, blessed the cat, thanked Providence, and was happy.

THE BOARD OF HEALTH IN SESSION.

THE new Board hold its sessions semi-weekly at No. 301 Mott street, and before it comes everything affecting the health of the great city of New York.

There can be no more interesting way of spending an hour, and understanding the herculean task they have taken on their shoulders, than attending one of these meetings. Every one comes in with his complaint, and each inspector makes his report. One speaks of the streets of Brooklyn, and suggests modes for their cleaning, another has something to say practically on the removal of night soil, while still another has been looking into the condition of the dumping-grounds or places where the street-cleaning is deposited. Then comes a report about Washington Market, especially concerning the stands which girdle the market, and of which so much complaint has recently been made. Inspector Emerson reports that they extend 13 feet beyond the curb on West street, bridging the gutter, preventing the flow of water, allowing the collection of filth of all sorts, and interfering with the proper cleaning of the streets, and for these reasons endanger the public health, and should be removed as nuisances. A report similar to this was made in regard to each stand—more than 70 in number; and upon these reports the Board determined to issue its orders for their removal, which it is earnestly hoped will be carried out.

Then comes a debate on stables, and a declaration that they will not be permitted to put straw or litter upon the pavement. Then comes the fat and bone-boiling establishments, those pestilential nuisances which should be swept at least a score of miles from the city.

Then came the rag shops, and several complaints were entered against places in different parts of the city, which have on hand European rags in a filthy condition, from which it was feared infectious diseases would arise.

Then came a talk about ship fever, and typhus fever, and about filthy piers, and one about an offensive lime-kiln, which was ordered to be cleaned, and another about a tenement-house which was ordered to be cleaned

THE MAIDEN TO THE SEA.

Wilt thou, wilt thou tell it me,
Gentle Sea?
Come, thy waves are soft to-day,
Tired with all their wicked play—
Wilt thou, gentle Sea?
Ah! I know you know it well—
Has he told you not to tell?
Say, sweet Sea.
Don't pretend to be asleep,
Tell me, I'll the secret keep.
Loves he me?
Does he love as I love him?
Nay, 'tis not a foolish whim—
Do not tease me so.
What!—I do not understand;
Come again to where I stand;
Whisper soft and low;
Whisper up the silver sand,
But do not whisper "No."
That I could not bear, sweet Sea,
That I could not bear;
So, tell me what he says to thee,
And if he thinks me fair.
Here, I know he loves to walk—
Tell me, does he never talk,
Never name my name?
Or does he say he loves me more
Than man e'er loved a maid before;
Loves me by night and day;
And that he'll ever love me still,
Though things go well or things go ill,
Together or away?
Is't so—is't so, sweet Sea?
Come, roll me up a tiny wave,
A little, harmless, willing wave,
To whisper "Yes" to me.

The Debt Paid.

SO FREQUENTLY have citizens of the United States been accused of making Canada their home, while laboring under pecuniary liabilities, that that country has grown to be considered an asylum for indigent Americans. In fact, it may be considered the counterpart of France, as far as that country bears its relation to English debtors. An illustration of this truth may be found in the following romantic story, which we do not precisely ask our readers to believe in all its details, though there is nothing very improbable in any part thereof.

Sir George Hanford was a young baronet of good English family, who arrived at Boulogne some years ago under very peculiar circumstances. He had been left very young with command of a good patrimonial estate, but had given way so far to the fashionable follies of the young in high life, as to allow nearly the whole of it to fly away on the turf as fast as race-horses could carry it.

He had still good expectations, however. A maternal relative, a merchant; and one of the richest in the metropolis, was likely, in due course of things, to leave Sir George his fortune, as his nearest heir. He was fond of the young man, but had been greatly and perilously alienated by the conduct and reverses of the latter. It was while meditating on this subject, that an idea struck the nearly ruined baronet. "How successful," thought he, "my uncle has been by his speculations, in the funds! Might not I have a chance that way also? might not I cast in my poor remnant of means into that great lottery, and pull out a prize? I may as well try it; all that I have now is scarcely worth thinking twice about. I shall try, at least."

Poor Sir George! He forgot that though some seas may be deep, there are others which cannot be sounded at all; that however deep one may be in the mire, there is a chance of getting deeper. He did venture his all in the stocks. He was successful once, and even twice. Getting inspired by his good fortune, he thought he had to venture further and win more. Alas! he was a novice merely in the hands of veteran gamblers. Some of the very worst members of the body who speculated in these matters, got him into their hands, and knowing well what his expectations were, and where they lay, they led him on by a nibble or two, until, by a series of *ruses*, considered not infamous only on such a field of transactions, they at length got him placed under a load of debt which even all his uncle's wealth would with difficulty lighten. Holding him bound by signatures and bonds, they then waited coolly for his accession to his prospective inheritance, knowing well that the same prospect would keep their victim within reach of their grasp at any time.

Sir George wandered about town for some months after these mishaps, like a man with a rope around his neck. During that time he had many reasonings with himself on an important point. This point affected his whole prospective fortune. The young baronet was naturally possessed of sense; he was well educated, and it may be said that his heart was good, and his intentions fair toward all men, under ordinary circumstances; but his course of life, and the associations he had, relaxed his moral principles. This acquired defect came now into play. The point which he canvassed with himself was, whether or not, after having most distinctly ascertained that he had been the dupe of his creditors, his engagements with them were binding upon him. His good sense said yes, for they had acted within the law; his sense of honor said the same, for they had his bonds: "But then," said other internal arguers, "they got these by base means, and they have not lost a shilling by me. The article experienced was what my folly bought from them at the price of a fair fortune, and with it came not a penny out of their pockets. Besides, if I pay these harpies, I shall be beggared."

The end of the whole was, that the uncle of Sir George died; the young baronet was left heir; and within a few hours almost, after being put in possession of his fortune, which was the portable one of an old money-hoarder, the young baronet was on his way to Boulogne. The

creditors stormed, and vowed revenge; but they at first knew not whither he would fly; and there are great difficulties attending the recovery of money from creditors on the continent in any case. Sir George fixed himself in a small country-seat near Boulogne. He had been able to carry thither a sufficiency for permanent maintenance—above £20,000, nearly the amount of his funded embarrassments, after what he called "fair debts" were privately settled. He lived for some time in great seclusion, only occasionally appearing in public. The society which he there met was not of a character to trouble itself much about what he had done, or was doing, or was about to do, so long as he maintained a fashionable appearance and a gentlemanly deportment. So Sir George led a very quiet and undisturbed existence for a time, always excepting some little twinges from a sense of violated honor, until love, the universal busy-body, came in the way to overthrow the runaway's repose. A lady made her appearance in Boulogne, bearing the name and style of the Baroness d'Estival. Report said that she was an Englishwoman by birth, and the widow of a foreign noble; and she was young, beautiful, and reputed rich. Ere long, such attractions brought all the dangers of dangling Boulogne into subjection to the baroness, and among the rest, our baronet saw and admired the lady.

For a time, however, he was undistinguished by her, nor did he make any advance on his own part. An accident brought round an *éclat*. By a peculiar piece of awkwardness, as it seemed, on the part of her servant, the *caleche* of the baroness was nearly overturned near Sir George's door. The young baronet sprang out, and the young lady appearing faint and terrified, he entreated her to alight for a few moments.

She complied. It was the hour of lunch, and they lunched together; he then begged her to view his garden, and they walked together. When the lady was about to depart, Sir George begged leave to take the reins out of the hands of the awkward servant, and escort her home in person. The result of all was, that the baronet became an established visitant of the baroness, and having declared his passion, received an answer which left him much to hope, while at the same time it promised him nothing positive.

Sir George could not long be acquainted with the fair baroness without discovering that she had one remarkable and somewhat eccentric taste; she was distractingly fond of angling—a perfect female Walton. She had hired for the season a large yacht, something between a fishing-boat and yacht, and every morning when the weather was good, she rose with the sun to amuse herself off the coast with the rod.

"I really cannot comprehend the pleasure you take in this occupation," said Sir George to her one day.

"It is a charming recreation," answered she, gayly; "and besides, my physicians have recommended me to take as much air and exercise at sea as possible. I acquired the taste through this cause. It is sometimes dull, to be sure, for the sailors and my servants are no company. But I have been pressed by a certain gallant major and a certain warlike colonel to permit them to bear me company, and I think I must really consent some day." How could a lover forbear to entreat permission to occupy the place of these rival suitors? Sir George could not. He begged and sued, and the fair lady gave her consent that he should accompany her the next morning on one of her odd excursions. The day proved beautiful, and the pair went aboard at sunrise. They sailed, however, far out to sea, and along the coast, ere any desire for fishing was shown by the lady. The water was not favorable, she said, at one place, and then she declared that she had no fancy on this morning for exercise.

Sir George was rather pleased with this disinclination, which was owing, he flattered himself, to her being absorbed by his conversation, and she, on her part, seemed only to think of charming him by sweet discourse.

At length a slight shower fell, and the baroness asked her lover to enter a small rude cabin, where a glass of wine and cakes were offered to him. Here they sat hour after hour, the lady enchanting her lover with talk that caused him to forget all but her present self. At length he pulled out his watch and started up.

"What!" cried he, "the day is far advanced, and I don't think they have ever put about. The wind, too, was blowing directly from the coast. Come, madam, if you fish at all to-day, it is surely time to begin."

The answer startled the poor baronet.

"I have angled," said she, quietly, "and what is more, I have caught my fish."

"What do you mean?" cried Sir George; "what fish have you caught?"

"Twenty thousand pounds!" answered the lady, with coolness.

Sir George stepped hurriedly on deck.

"Distraction!" cried he, as soon as he had looked around. Put about instantly, pilot. That is Margate. We are off England."

Exactly so, Sir George," said the lady at his back.

He turned round and looked at her.

"Your purpose, then, is to take me—"

"To London, Sir George," interrupted the lady, with calmness, though a gratified flush was upon her cheek.

Sir George turned to the sailors.

"My purse," said he; "twenty-five louis for you if you put about for Boulogne."

"Twenty-five louis!" cried the lady, with disdain; "what are twenty-five louis, when twenty thousand pounds are in the scale?"

"Barbarous, treacherous woman!" cried the infuriated baronet, as he looked around with an eye that threatened peril to all, if he had but had the means to inflict it; but the baroness gave a signal, and in instant his arms were pinioned to his side by two pairs of brawny arms. The

baronet struggled, but in vain; a cord was produced, and he was only saved from the ignominy of being bound, by giving his assurance that he would remain in quiet durance in the cabin. It seemed to him that he had nothing for it but to submit.

Sir George, reduced to this condition, looked with indignation at his captor.

She had checked the sailors for harshness in their usage of him, but otherwise she expressed no visible emotion.

"Betrayed by you!" said the captive; "you whom I loved so much!"

"You loved me?"

"Yes! well you knew it," answered Sir George. "Since you are an adventuress, cruel woman, would not my whole fortune, with my hand, have better paid you than a miserable hire?"

The lady spoke not in reply, and Sir George held a scornful silence from that moment until he landed in the Thames. He was here put into the hands of the sailors, and conducted to a hotel, on giving his solemn promise that he would not attempt to escape.

Believing all to be lost in any case, he was glad to be released from the confinement of a jail, though it might be but till his creditors were warned of his capture.

It was night when his landing in the Thames took place. Sir George spent a wretched night, mourning over the fate which his conscience told him was not unmerited. In the morning he drew up an act, briefly giving up all to his creditors. He had scarcely finished this when a visitor was announced. It was his betrayer, the baroness.

"Wretched woman! what seek you?" said he, sternly. "Is not your task done? I have now to do with others."

"With none but me," said the lady, in a low voice, and with timidity of manner most unlike her previous deportment.

"What do you mean, madam?" asked Sir George.

"I am your sole creditor," said the lady; and she placed in his hands some papers, which he at once saw to be his own redeemed bonds. He looked up in amazement. "You had a cousin, Sir George?" said the lady, with her eyes on the floor.

"I had—Anne Fulton," said Sir George; "we were playmates in childhood."

"She went abroad when a mere child, with her family?" continued the lady.

"She did," said the baronet, "and I have heard was married to a very wealthy planter in the island where she settled. It pained me to hear it, for we loved each other when children."

"She wedded against her will," continued the lady, "for she, too, remembered old days. She is now a widow."

A light had been gradually breaking upon Sir George's mind. He started hastily forward and took hold of the lady's hand, almost throwing himself at her feet.

"You are—"

"I am your cousin Anne," said the lady.

It is needless to carry our tale beyond the point where the imagination of the reader can do all that remains to be done.

The lady had returned to England a rich widow; had learned the situation and embarrassments of her well-remembered cousin; had seen him at Boulogne; had contrived the overturn at his door and made his acquaintance. She had only thought of the fishing.

THE BUTCHERS CONSULTING WITH THE BOARD OF HEALTH.

ABOUT 3 o'clock, on the 12th of March, the "Trial Room" in the Metropolitan Police Building was crowded with butchers, who had assembled at the request of the Board of Health. The Committee appointed for the purpose of having a conference with the Board, found a meeting ten times as large as that which they represented. Mr. Jackson S. Schultz, upon taking the chair, was thus addressed by Mr. George Starr, Chairman of the previous meeting, and a member of the Committee:

"By an advertisement published in the daily papers, the butchers have been invited to meet you this afternoon, for the purpose of consulting with you concerning their business, and the manner in which it affects the public health, and they have responded to the call. I am happy to introduce them to you and you to them. I have no doubt you will find them a body of gentlemen willing to co-operate with, and to assist you in the discharge of your duty as President of the Board of Health."

To which Mr. Schultz responded by saying, that the Board had brought together the butchers, that they might consult on the following questions:

"First—As a temporary expedient, can the premises now in general use for slaughtering purposes be so modified, altered and cleansed, as to be unobjectionable, being neither offensive nor detrimental to health?"

"Second—In removing from the present densely populated portions of the city, where should the slaughtering be done?"

"Third—What are the advantages and disadvantages of the French system of abattoirs? Can such a system be adopted here with advantage?"

"Fourth—If abattoirs are to be constructed, should they be built by and placed under the control of the public authorities, or should they be built by private enterprise?"

From this arose a long discussion, in which the butchers view of the question is about comprised in the remarks of Captain Phillips. He said:

"The butchers are willing to admit, if you please, that they are a necessary evil. The mass of them are anxious that their business should be conducted in a decent and cleanly manner. Slaughter-houses can be kept clean, and should be. There are some, however, I am well aware, that are so utterly filthy, that it is impossible for a man to pass them some mornings without the loss of his breakfast. These places should be abated. I am sorry that the Board has determined the butchers must be removed. I do not think they engender disease; indeed, I am sure they do not, for I have had sick persons often come into my slaughter-house and sit over the beef while it was being drawn, that they might inhale the steam and so be cured. The mass of the butchers will go any length to keep their places clean, and will assist the Board in any reasonable manner in performing this duty. I repeat, there are many places, particularly in First Avenue, between Third and Fourth streets, that should be shut up as abominable nuisances to the neighborhood; but to make all the butchers suffer for the sins of a very small

portion of their number, is to inflict the greatest injustice upon them that was ever contemplated in any community. We have the right to pursue our legitimate business in common with other citizens, and have no objection to the infliction of the penalty of the law when we violate it; but we will not submit to being driven from our property and our premises. In regard to driving cattle through the streets, if it were unlawful to move more than 20 in one herd, and the law was enforced by putting a larger drove than that in the pound, that nuisance would very soon be stopped."

And that of the Board of Health in the remarks of Mr. Schultz. He said:

"GENTLEMEN.—Mr. Dalton and myself are here merely as agents of the Board, for the purpose of conferring with you in regard to the manner in which your business affects the general health. It is useless to disguise the fact that very soon your occupation must leave the populous part of the city. The public health and public sentiment both demand that some change should be made. Shall it be made in accordance with good sense, in a kindly spirit, and with good feeling? I will not state, as I had at first intended, a plan in regard to the location to which you might go, and the manner in which your business might be conducted with less detriment than now to the public good. I prefer that that should come from you. I start from this point: that the business must leave the populous part of the city. That conceded, it only remains to discuss the remaining questions as to when and where it shall go."

A Committee of Butchers was formed, and after a statement from Mr. Eaton, the Attorney of the Board, and a few remarks from Peter Cooper about the abattoirs of Paris, the meeting adjourned, to meet again for positive action.

THE GREAT FIRE IN CINCINNATI.

AT half-past 11 o'clock, on the evening of Thursday, the 23d March, the City of Cincinnati was startled from repose by an alarm of fire.

"Peal on peal rang the bells, and 'Pike's Opera House burning,' was the cry. It was half-past 11 or 5 or 10 minutes earlier. Fortunately, very fortunately, the immense audience congregated to witness the gorgeous beauties of 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' had all dispersed and sought their homes.

The first spark of fire which presaged the terrible catastrophe we are about to chronicle, the most destructive perhaps ever witnessed in that city, was first communicated to the scenery back of the stage, the immense mass of which, of canvas, oil and paint, was all in a mass of flames in two or three minutes.

In five minutes the flames had wrapped the whole magnificent interior of stage and auditorium, and burst through the rear portion of the roof. On the wings of the draft thus provided, the flames shot up to a great height, and lapped over upon adjoining buildings. The night darkness was illuminated with the immense sheets of flame, which hung over the doomed ornament of the city—the palatial seat of the drama and of music.

At a quarter of 12 the scene was exciting in the extreme. The half square bounded by Fourth, Vine, Baker and Walnut streets, had a dome of lurid gleaming flame, through which columns of smoke shot up, and from which showers of sparks and bunches of flame floated upward, and then descended upon the burning mass below, and upon the brightly illuminated streets, where tens of thousands were congregated, gazing in awe upon the terrible work of the destroying element.

Slowly but surely the fire crept down through the various stories of the edifice—through offices and studios—steadily down to the magnificent stores, running the entire length of the building on the first floor of Fourth street, into the wealth of literature, the tons of thousands worth of books of Carroll's store, the valuable stock of Sunner's sewing-machines, the fine music store of W. C. Peters, and Philip Phillip's pianos, the immense goods stored in the Adams Express rooms, the college rooms of Bryant, Stratton & De Hart's Commercial Institute, the editorial room of the *National Union*, Harpel's job printing establishment, with its valuable machinery, and all the dozen offices besides. At half-past 12 the destruction was complete. The masses of flame had entirely replaced the noble edifice—all that remained of Pike's Opera House was the grand front, or rather half of it, which stubbornly stood erect as of old, while the spiteful fire writhed out through the skeleton windows and hugged the stones as though grappling with them to wrench them from place. The elegant ornamental arch endured to the end, and through it could be seen immense piles of burning timbers and valuable goods.

The fall of a large mass of wall upon the rear of the Enquirer building insured its partial destruction, and soon the flames were communicated to the rear of the first and second floors, and rushing onward, crept through the front windows, and told the story of their power to the firemen, who crept up to grapple with them. But with the same power already so terribly used, the devouring flames wrapped the structure in their embrace, and the work of destruction was soon far advanced through the job rooms, where were stored nearly \$100,000 worth of cuts; through job presses, and composing rooms and editorial rooms; through the engraving rooms of Jones & Hart—all totally destroyed.

The men sleeping in the office of the Adams Express Company were startled from sleep, and immediately rushed to the safes and secured the treasure in the money packages and valuable papers. The books and valuable papers of the office were nearly all destroyed. We are informed that, early in the course of the fire, a red hot bolt, like that of lightning, fell through the ceiling and struck the floor. This portion of the Opera House was the last to yield to complete destruction.

Mr. Pike's

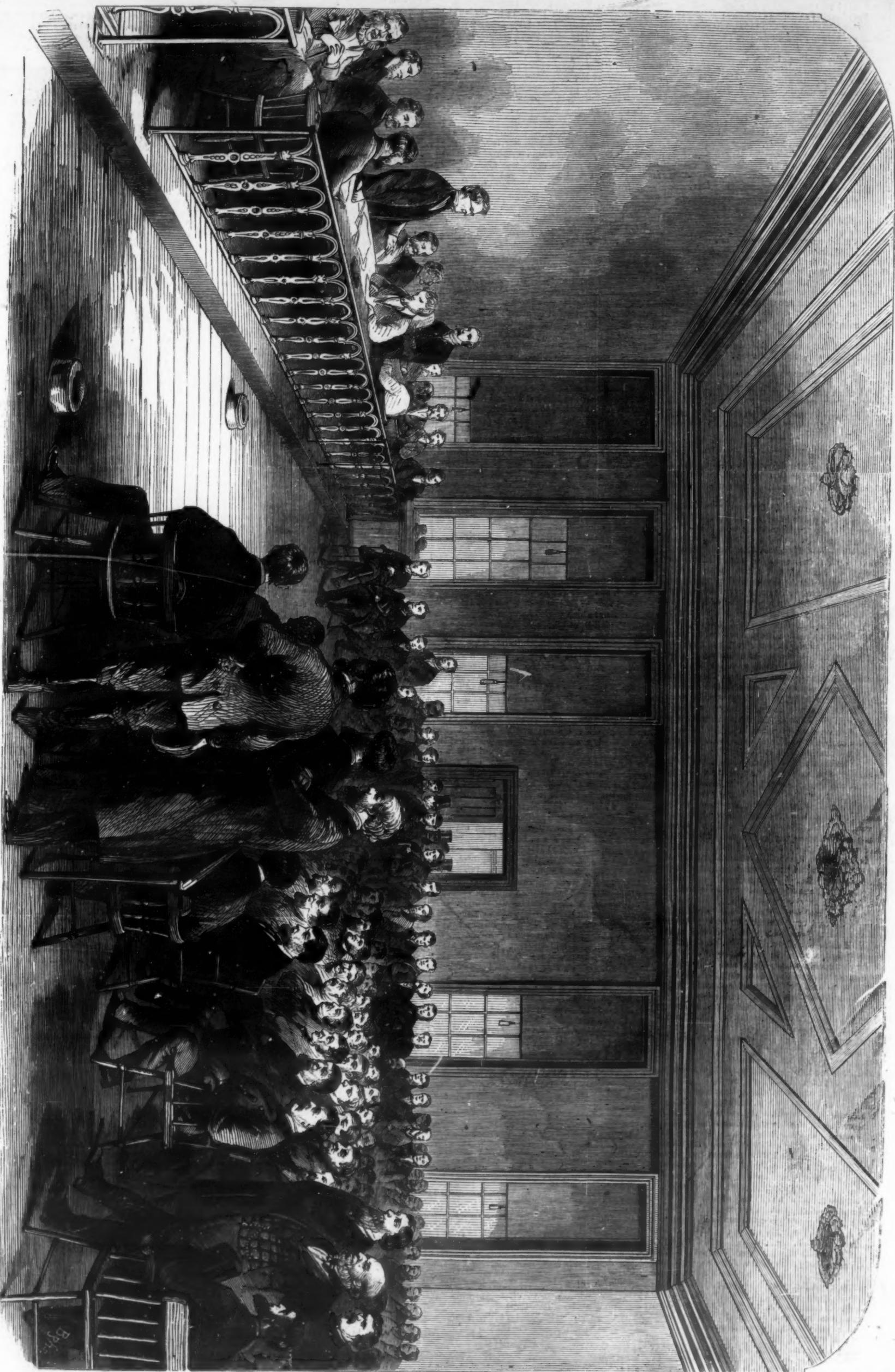


BURNING OF PIETE'S OPERA HOUSE, AND OTHER BUILDINGS, AT CINCINNATI, OHIO, ON THE EVENING OF MARCH 21.

APRIL 14, 1866.]

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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THE BOARD OF HEALTH IN CONSULTATION WITH THE BUTCHERS, ON MONDAY, THE 12TH MARCH, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, MULBERRY STREET, NEW YORK.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

BY ELEANORE PERCY.

RAIN! rain! rain!
And my heart is as dark as the day;
For the love that came with the summer-time,
With the summer has died away.

O winds of the Southern lands,
Blow up from the battle-plain,
And tell me the place where my darling lies
In the ghastly heaps of slain.

Rain! rain! rain!
On the field and its thousand dead;
But drift, ye leaves, from the forest-paths,
And cover his golden head.

Oh! cover it from the light,
Lest the angel of dying da,
Should see the smile on his death-white face,
And bear it with her away.

I know that he called my name.
When he fell in the fragrant South,
For he left his ring on my willing hand,
And his kisses upon my mouth.

O stars of the purple skies,
Watch tenderly through the night!
My darling has gone from this lower world,
To your radiant homes of light.

Rain! rain! rain!
And my heart is as sad as the day;
For the rose that bloomed with the summer-time,
With the summer has died away.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MAZE,"
"REUBEN'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER LXVIII.—ESAU'S FAREWELL.

ESAU fled—fled from his own terrible thoughts, which every moment that he staid to see and think of his father, became more dangerous and uncontrollable.

But as he went on into the country, gradually he relapsed into the state in which he had been before the unexpected meeting with his father, and the change was only a change of torture—not a relief. He forgot Bob. He managed, for a time, to shut out, as by a severe effort, the thought of Anthony, and of the vague plan he had matured during the night, as involving action at all events, however hopeless. He got rid of these things by a powerful effort of his will, in order that he might dwell on a work to be done as a mere episode of the day, but an episode in which Esau's past and future seemed all mixed up. Worse, even, in some senses, than his interview with Bob was the interview yet to come, because more full of cruel pain for him. To explain this, we must first recall to the reader's mind certain passages of conversation between Harris and Anthony, when they were in alarm about Esau's conduct, and when they saw, as they thought, a new influence beginning to work upon him. Let us, then, go back, in point of time, to recall a couple of incidents, before we again deal with Esau and his doings of to-day.

Esau had not long been at the Harrises before he became a universal favorite. As to Mrs. Harris, she almost seemed to get fonder of him than of her own gawky, red-haired son, Tom, who stumbled every time he went up-stairs, as if he always forgot to allow for the last inch his legs had grown. Indeed, Tom often had Esau's virtues flung at him when he had offended his mother, and was told that the latter had more sense in his little finger than Tom had in all his long body and great head. Much of the affection the Harris family had begun to feel toward Anthony, and which they could not shew him, was lavished upon Esau. All his little fancies in eating were studied by Mrs. Harris, and wo betide Tom if he cut Esau's side of the loaf, or sprawled his long legs in front of the fire if Esau were cold, or looked at the clock if Esau were late. Yet, though they occasionally had a round in the work-yards to keep their friendship warm, Esau and Tom agreed better than might have been expected, for Esau made up to Tom for his mother's injustice by his cleverness in getting him out of his many scrapes. The children were all fond of him, and looked on him as a sort of magician, for he could turn a coach and six out of an old copy-book cover, erect invisible swings, and set the most successful bird-traps in the world.

There was but one face that did not brighten when Esau came in—that did not smile at the impudence of his make-believe apologies for his indolent and irregular habits. Sometimes, when they had all sat up for him, Anthony would begin a lecture when he came in, and was sure to be interrupted by the laughter Esau elicited by his affection of contrition or surprise, or by murmurs of pity for the look of wretchedness and depression which the lad's face occasionally wore. But Anthony always noticed that one voice was silent and one face serious at such times, and he thought Esau noticed it, too, and that he watched it fortively, with a strange expression, half-amused, half-irritated. It was the face which Esau had seen by the dusty road-side one summer's day, belonging to a small, prim maiden, sitting on a box, and waiting patiently for the London coach. That day was longer ago than Harris had said, for it was full two years now since Mrs. Harris, in the absence of her husband and Anthony, had sent Esau to meet her daughter and come home with her by the London coach. A carrier's cart was to leave her and her box at the corner of a certain road, and there Esau, who ought to have been on the spot before her, found her waiting.

Kitty had been staying for the last two years or

more as an attendant on two invalid ladies, who had been so loth to part with her when Harris wished to have her home, after the change in his circumstances, that they had promised, if she might stay with them, they would do their best to forward her education; in fulfillment of which promise, Miss Olivia had taught her her dancing steps, and to play two long pieces on the piano, and to say, "When will you take your gruel, ma'am?" in three languages; and Miss Frances had instructed her in needlework, and had just completed with her a portrait of the little Princess Charlotte in Berlin wool.

This was the little maiden who now met Esau's eyes, as she sat, unconscious of his neighborhood, on her box, with an enormous country nosegay, of triangular shape, laid across her lap, and was dressed in the neatest, prim'est manner possible. Her fine brown merino dress was made in the fashion, with the short waist and scant skirt, beneath which appeared her slender little feet in snowy stockings and low, black shoes. Her bonnet—with its ugly chimney-pot crown, and great brim turned back from the face—was trimmed with nothing but the ring-shaped curls of light hair that, turn which way it would, appeared from under it.

The ugly crown was turned toward Esau as he approached; and not feeling inclined to introduce himself formally, he climbed over the orchard wall, at the corner of the road and, after picking up a handful of hard green gooseberries, mounted the wall again, and prepared to attract her attention by degrees. He was amused by the neatness and primness of the little figure and its attire, and felt curious to see the face that still looked down the road, along which the coach was to come. To make her turn, he aimed one of his smallest gooseberries at the centre of her bouquet. It missed aim, and only hit her dress and fell on her foot. She turned, and looked down at her flowers and felt their fastening, as if she thought one had dropped.

"She's got white eye-lashes," said Esau to himself; "and I hate white eye-lashes."

But he did not cease to look at her, and found that the pale lashes, when they rose, revealed such pretty eyes—so blue, and humid, and bright—and touched, when they fell, a cheek so delicately pure and fresh, that he was fain to forget what a blemish they were. He looked still, and liked the face better as he looked. With his elbows crushing down the snap-dragons on the old wall, and his chin in his hands, and the dry, rich rustling of the summer trees above him, he gave himself up to the pleasure which, he thought, had nothing more in it than the pleasure he had in watching the stars from his bed, in some quiet hay-field, or the daybreak on the hills.

The beauty of Kitty's face lay all in its sweet tints, none of which were deeper or less fresh than the first pink-tipped buds of the hawthorn. Its very freckles—which lay so light and fresh on it that it seemed one might blow them away, like specks of gold-dust from a lily—were a charm, and gave it a tender country homeliness. As Esau watched her, he could see that her eyes were lit with delicious thoughts of home, and that the corners of her little mouth twitched, as if pulled by invisible smiles.

Gentle and calm as she seemed by nature to be, her happiness made her a little restless. She tapped her box with her heel, she pulled out the heads of small flowers, which had got hidden by the larger ones in her nosegay; she nearly dropped it once by a hasty movement of her arms, as if she were fancying she had reached home, and the time had come to throw them round her mother's neck.

Esau was in no hurry for the coach to come. It was so pleasant leaning on the warm old wall, with all the road, as far as he could see, to their two selves, and with that fair little freckled face opposite him, unconsciously teaching him, what no one had yet taught him, or he cared to learn—the meaning of the word, Home!

She smiled, and hid her face in her flowers; she sighed; she fell into a listening attitude, as if she were hearing all the home news—and a charming picture she made then, her head lifted a little to one side, her lips set in sweet attentiveness, her eyes full of light and vivacity. She had fits of impatience sometimes, and would stand up on her box, to get a better view of the road she expected her father to come by, and of the road going down by the orchard wall, which way the coach would come. Then she would take little walks round her box, and make efforts to stroke herself down and keep herself quiet. Once, some sweet thought that had not come before, falling into her already brimful little cup of happiness, caused its overflow, and the tears came patterning down. She gave a bright look through them, upward, and a smile and a half shake of the head, as denying their apparent meaning to the Giver of her happiness, and then wiped them away, and grew quiet again.

A LONDON correspondent describes the manners and customs of fashionable society at the opera and theatre: "The opera season has just commenced. Opera prices are very much higher here than in America, and in the London season you are not admitted unless robed in brocade, with a dress-coat and white necktie. This is a source of great grief to very many worthy men, like your correspondent, for instance, poor yet honorable, whose love for music entirely outstrips his means for gratifying that love. In the fall, however, before 'my lords' and 'ladies' have returned to the city, one may hear the opera in any respectable clothes he may happen to possess, for there will be nobody to be offended at a sack-coat or pepper-and-salt pants. He may actually wear dark kids and yet be allowed to enter, though I would advise no one to wear anything but a stove-pipe hat, even in the fall season, unless he is desirous of learning how impudent an educated Englishman can be. He will only hear one or two strange remarks, and be the conscious target of a score of eyes all the evening, but even that is unpleasant when one is supposed to be among gentlemen. In most parts of the theatres hats are kept on until the curtain rises, and as people never will wear anything but stove-pipes, and have nowhere to put them but their backs, they clasp them on at every possible opportunity, and those in the back seats wear them all the evening."

A Chapter on Shopping.

"He that goeth a shopping for a she, maketh a mull of it."—CICERO.

I, ADOLPHUS SNIFF, JUN., can't swear that Cicero ever uttered the above quotation; but if he did, it was only because dry-goods stores were not in vogue in the early days when he perambulated this mundane sphere, or because his wife never asked him to go shopping for her. Reader, did your wife ever request you to go on a shopping expedition? If she did, and you consented, allow me to console with you—allow me to sympathize with and pity you.

One day last week—the day shall be nameless—my wife said to me, as I was about to depart from our domicile:

"Dolly"—she always calls us "Dolly" when in good-humor—"I want you to do a little shopping for me."

"Well, what is it, my dear?"

"I wish you would go into Hogg, Brown & Taylor's—"

"Oh, the devil!—has got into my corns," said I.

My wife looked hard at me at the mention of his Satanic majesty, and evidently thought, after the completion of the sentence, that my words might have been put nearer together, or that the last part of it wouldn't have been uttered only for that look of reproach. The mention of his sulphuric highness in connection with my corns, possibly would have drawn neither look nor word from her, but she no doubt thought it was uttered in a spirit of vexation at the mention of H. B. & T. I have nothing to say; there is the sentence, and you can interpret it according to the best of your knowledge and belief.

Talk about the expeditions of Butler, Banks, and other heroes! why, they sink into insignificance when compared to a raid on a dry-goods establishment by a masculine, to accommodate a feminine.

"Well, my dear, what shall I procure for you?"

"You know I don't feel very well, and don't want to go out; and I should think you might just go in and get these few things I want."

"Certainly we will, my dear," I replied; "I will get anything you wish. Now, what is it?"

"Well, you go into Hogg, Brown & Taylor's"—I inwardly repeated our previous exclamation, which, of course, was unheard by my better half, who kept on—"and get a yard of figured silk."

"What colors do you want the figures?" I inquired.

"Don't want any colors, you foolish man. Blue silk, figured, not plain. I shall leave it to your taste to select the pattern; and four yards of black lace trimming, four inches wide; and six skeins of scarlet floss; and—let me see, is there anything else?—yes, get three yards of green ribbon, about two inches wide; and three skeins of blue and green silk—"

"Three skeins each?" I ventured to ask.

"Why, of course—and let me see—that's all—oh, get me, while you are about it, two pairs of light kid gloves, number six and a half—that's all. Now do you think you can remember all these? Hadn't you better set them down? Now see if you can say over the things."

My memory is tolerable, so I "said over the things."

"That's right," was the approving remark from my wife. "Now remember—don't forget," she said, as my hand was on the handle of the door. "Oh, Dolly, stop a minute—I forgot; just go into Tuttle's, and get me a pair of boots—calfskin boots, patent-leather toes, number three and a half."

"All right," I said, and left.

"C' last," she sung out.

"Don't forget!" for about the seventy-fourth time, came faintly to my ears, as I went along the street, "saying over the things," like the boy who was sent for salt, pepper and mustard, and who kept repeating them over till he got to the store, where he sung out for "tar, pitch and rosin—tar, pitch and rosin." The "things" that I was to purchase were getting a little mixed, and I resolved to go in somewhere and make a memorandum of them, for I didn't want to make a "mull of it"; so accordingly I entered a store and commenced to write down the articles, but I never meant to tell my wife that I did so.

One yard of blue lace trimming; four yards of black silk, figured, four inches wide; six yards scarlet ribbon, three inches wide; three skeins of green floss; three skeins each black and scarlet silk; one pair light colored gloves, number three and a half, and—let me see—oh, two pairs boots, patent leather, number six and a half—see the last. There, now I was all right, and I made for Hogg, Brown & Taylor's, whose store I passed and repassed seven times before I dared to attempt an entrance, on account of the crowd of ladies going in and coming out. Bless me, how they do like to go shopping.

At length a favorable opportunity occurred, and screwing my courage to the shopping point, I essayed the entrance, but not before three ladies got the lead on the steps. However, I went forward, but unfortunately stepped on one of the ladies' dresses, and something gave way—I heard a tear of dry-goods. The lady looked round—and such a look. She might possibly have been an "angel in disguise," but certainly her face was decidedly the reverse of the angelic at that moment. I don't generally apologize in such cases, as I think if the dresses were not too long they couldn't be stepped on; but in this case I thought I would, and raised my hat, and was about to make the apology in my best manner, when some one from behind—there were at least ten women in the rear of me at this time, and as many more in front, some of them trying to get

out—stepped on my cane, which fell from my hand. In stooping to pick it up, I replaced my hat, and had just got hold of the cane, when a violent push from behind sent me to my knees, and my hat over my back. It was a happy situation for a moment, I assure you; but I got to my feet, and my hat was passed to me by a lady, with a smile—they were all smiling, and some giggling at my *fauz pas*. What a situation for a bashful, sensitive man, in a struggling crowd of women, hemmed in on all sides, and the laughing-stock of the crowd.

Inwardly I was profane, outwardly I was confounded; I would have given seven dollars to have been out of the scrape. I felt that I was in a much worse position than A. Ward when surrounded by the seventeen widow, who asked him to marry "her." My face was burning, and I knew it was as red as a boiled lobster, while the perspiration cascaded over my brow, down my cheeks and nose, in streams.

But the wriggling mass of female humanity, with myself in the midst thereof, finally passed the rubicon of the doorway by dint of struggling and pushing, and I had a breathing spell. I stood back out of the crowd gathered about the counters, and wiped my weeping face, and endeavored to get myself into as calm and as collected a state as possible before presenting myself at the counter to make my purchases. I think I debated whether or not to give up the job, but the thought of the disquisition my wife would favor me with in case of non-fulfillment of the commissions she entrusted me with, made me firm to "do or die." Oh, if I had only known what I knew two hours afterward—but never mind—I won't anticipate. In the course of ten minutes I had got myself into pretty "good order and condition," as the bills of lading say, and made my way to a counter, where I found a chance to sandwich in between two ladies.

The clerk was busy with lady customers, and didn't seem to notice me much at first. I took out my memorandum, and asked the clerk, who happened at that moment to favor me with a look, "if he had any blue lace trimming."

He smiled slightly, and said:

"In a moment, sir."

I don't think he understood me. He knew I had asked for something, and so gave me this encouragement. I placed my hand on the counter, with the memorandum in it, and made up my mind to patiently wait my chance of being waited upon. The counter was piled with goods, and I was considerably amused by the manner of a little old woman, on my right, who looked at this piece of stuff, and that, and another and another, inquiring the price of everything she looked at over and again, and would now talk to a young woman on her right—probably her daughter—and then to herself.

"Hannah, what do you think of this? Hannah, how do you like this? Don't you think it is too much, Hannah?" and a hundred other questions and remarks. She couldn't stand still, and was continually overhauling the goods on the counter. Finally, she asked the clerk to show her some kind of stuff or other, I don't know what. For a moment the little fidgety old woman was silent, when all at once I was startled by an exclamation from her:

"Oh, dear! where is my portemonnaie? Oh, dear! somebody has picked my pocket! Oh, dear! it's you, sir. Oh, dear! I recollect now, it laid right on the counter, and your hand was on the counter. I'm sure you've got it, sir!"

All this was uttered in a rapid and excited manner, and she clutched my coat sleeve with a tenacious grasp as that of a drowning man catching at a straw.

"You've got it, sir! I'm sure you must have it!" she cried.

Well, here was a situation, most decidedly. All eyes were turned upon me by the old lady's remarks, and I felt the perspiration again courning over my face. For a moment I was thunderstruck and speechless; but at length my tongue found utterance.

"My dear madam—"

"You needn't 'dear' me, sir," said the woman, interrupting me, and still clinging to my coat-sleeve.

"Madam," said I, "I have not got your portemonnaie. I am no thief. Look among the goods on the counter."

"I'm not going to look; you can't get away from me in that manner."

At this moment a policeman came up who was stationed in the store, and then the old lady told the story of her loss, and charged me with being the party guilty of the theft, but never let go her hold. A great crowd gathered round to gaze on a pickpocket, as they evidently set me down to be.

It was an interesting moment for me! cheerful to a high degree. The policeman tried to pacify her, asked her all manner of questions, whether she was sure she had her money when she came in, and so forth, and advised her to be a little more calm, and look over her pockets, and look among the goods on the counter. Of course she was sure she had the money; sure it was on the counter, near my hand; sure that I must have taken it. She hunted her dress all over, and the goods on the counter were overhauled, but no portemonnaie came to light.

"He's got it—I know he's got it. Why don't you make him give it up?" she said to the policeman.

He didn't hardly know what to do; he evidently didn't believe me a thief.

"I am willing to be searched," I said to him.

"I am no pickpocket or thief."

"You don't look like one, that's a fact," said he; "but I fear we must search you."

charged with being a thief, and searched in presence of a hundred ladies."

I felt as though I could have looked calmly on and seen a band of cannibals masticate that old woman. Imagine the position, my Christian friends, and pity me. I wished the earth would open and swallow me entire, with my mœrschaum, which was in my pocket, and which my wife often said I thought more of than I did of her. I wanted to be swallowed by something, I didn't care what. How I envied, at that moment, the position of Jonah. There he had room enough, and wasn't confronted by an old woman who called him a thief, nor stared at by a hundred others who probably believed it. It might have smelt a little of lamp oil, and been somewhat dark, but if he had been a Yankee, he would have dipped his handkerchief in oil and improvised a lamp. What was his position to mine?

I wished I was a sardine—yes, the centre sardine in a box—for there is oblivion. Here, I was a sort of sardine to be sure, being packed in about as close as one of these diminutive specimens of fish; but I should have infinitely preferred being a dead sardine to the pickle I was now in. But if "wishes were horses, beggars might ride." Here I was, and must see the end of it. The policeman felt satisfied, I am sure, that I had not taken the money, and that I was no thief, if no one else did. But the old lady was certain she felt my hand fumbling about on the counter, and nothing would satisfy her that I was innocent. All at once, she exclaimed :

"Oh, dear! where's Hannah? Hannah! Hannah!"

"Here I am, mother. Why, what's the matter?"

Her daughter had left her just before the loss of the money was discovered by the old lady, and gone to the further part of the store, and was returning when her name was called out by her mother.

"What is the matter, mother?"

"Oh, dear! my portemonee is gone, and I'm sure this man has got it," said the old lady, eyeing me in a savage manner.

"Why, no he hasn't, mother. I took the portemonee when I went to the other end of the store, and told you I'd take it; you probably did not hear me. Here it is;" and the daughter passed the missing article to her mother, who clutched at it as nervously as she had at my coat-sleeve, with the exclamation :

"Oh, dear! well I declare, that's funny! I knew it was on the counter. Well, I declare!"

There was a buzz among the crowd of something, I don't know what; perhaps they were gratified at my innocence being so clearly established, perhaps they were disappointed; I don't know. I felt better decidedly, but mad still. As for the old woman, she turned away as soon as she got her money, seeming afraid that I might yet get hold of it.

"You owe this gentleman an apology, mother," said her daughter.

"Oh, don't apologize," said I; "it was very pleasant;" and turned on my heel to the counter, and presented to the clerk my memorandum, saying :

"Put those things up the best you can; I don't know anything about them."

He read it over, and said they didn't have any blue lace trimming, but had black.

"Well, leave that out, and put up the others, as near as you can."

"Boots we haven't got," said he, laughing.

"Oh, no, of course not," I said. I had forgotten all about the boots. He handed me a parcel in a few moments, and told me the amount of the bill, which I paid, and left the store comparatively happy. "Now for Tuttle's," says I. I didn't anticipate much trouble in the purchase of the boots, so I went boldly in and called for ladies' boots, patent leather, size six and a half, and requested to see the last. The attendant looked at me for a moment rather vacantly.

"I think you mean 'C' last—boots made on a C last," says he, and smiled.

"Yes, that's it, probably."

"Patent leather, did you say? We have no ladies' patent leather boots—have glove leather tipped with patent leather."

"I believe that is the kind after all," said I.

They were done up, and paying the bill, I left with increased happiness and a feeling of great relief, so much so, indeed, that I dropped into Pfaff's on my way home, and imbibed two glasses of lager, and became tranquil as a summer morn. On arriving at my domicile, I handed my better half the two parcels with an air of satisfaction, and she appeared pleased also, as she prepared to open them.

"I've been worrying so, Dolly—I didn't believe you would get them. Ain't you a real good Dolly!"

"What under the light of the sun and moon, have you got here?" she suddenly exclaimed, in a tone rather different from the first welcome.

"Well, what's broke now?" I asked.

"Broke! that's a pretty question!" she replied, in a rising voice.

There was a breeze coming, and I mistrusted from what quarter. Whenever she yawned off a number of points from the regular course of domestic felicity, her voice kept rising till it reached a very high pitch, and then culminated in a hysterical shower of eye-brine.

"Don't get into a fret, my dear," said I.

"Fret! Who wouldn't fret, I should like to know? Look at these boots; big enough for old Zeph Spun! Who did you buy them for—you or me? Who told you to get two pair? I declare you are the greatest numbskull I ever saw—just like all the men. You—"

"Look here, my dear Angelina, if there is any mistake, it was made by the clerk; for let me tell you, what I did not intend to, that, as soon as I left the house, I made a memorandum of the things you wanted—"

"I don't care if you did; look at these boots! I suppose all the other things are just the same."

"Think it very likely," said I, coolly.

The other parcel was torn open in a jiffy—the things pulled over in what I call rather a spiteful manner.

"Oh, dear me! Look at these things, will you? Not a single thing in the lot that I told you to get I declare, you are enough to wear out the patience of a stone; I believe you did it on purpose!"

She fairly screamed as she tossed the mess of stuff into a chair. Then came the bursting of the briny fountain, as she flung herself into a rocking-chair, and rocked violently backward and forward.

There was no use trying to pacify her—as well try to pacify an enraged catamount with a promise of an opera-ticket; so I quietly lit my pipe and sat down to await the subsiding of the waters and the return of tranquillity.

I had evidently "made a mull of it"—though how, I couldn't imagine; it was no fault of mine, I felt satisfied. With what feelings of satisfaction I had been buoyed on my way home at the thoughts of how pleased my wife would be with me; and how I anticipated the telling of my miseries, over which I calculated we would have a merry laugh. Alas! all my pleasant dreams were at an end; reproaches, epithets and hysterics, instead.

In about half an hour my wife began to show symptoms of an organization more sane than she had exhibited for the thirty minutes previous.

She got up and once more looked over the parcel of dry-goods, without a word. At length she took up the gloves, and holding them out to me, said, quite calmly :

"Who, for mercy's sake, did you suppose could wear these things? They are about a fit for a girl six years old. Oh, dear! and this, and this, and this!" holding up some scarlet ribbon, green floss, and so forth. I kept mum. "Not a thing here I want—not a single thing. What a simpleton you are." Her voice began to rise again, and was evidently pitched in the key of "C."

"There, Snipp"—she always called me Snipp when railed, never Dolly—"you can just pack these things back, quick as your legs can carry you. I don't want any of them. What did they cost, for pity's sake? Enough, I suppose, in all conscience. There, take them back, Snipp, and get them out of my sight." At this juncture she subsided again to the rocking-chair.

Taking the things back, was the last feather that broke my back. I wouldn't have carried them back for ten times the cost.

"Mrs. Snipp," says I, "when I take those things back, you'll know it."

"You won't take them back?" she screamed.

"No, Mrs. Snipp," said I, firmly as a Roman Senator. "I'd see them in Tophet first, and—"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Snipp, and me, too! and me, too! you was going to say. It is just like you just like all the men, to treat their poor wives in this manner."

Hysterics No. 2, with a copious, heavy wet, now supervened, in the midst of which aqueous exhibition I retired from her presence—from "home and its sweet influences" for the rest of the day.

Now, my dear readers, you have the experience of a he who went shopping for a she, and if Cicero didn't utter the adage, "He that goeth shopping for a she, maketh a mull of it," I claim the original.

GOLD BEATING.

A SINGLE grain of gold may be beaten by the hammer so as to cover 75 square inches, which would leave it less than the 350,000th part of an inch in thickness, or requiring more than 1,000,000 sheets of the leaf to make a pile three inches high. This would be about the 1,200th part of the thickness of common printing-paper, and is owing to the extreme tenacity of gold. A pound of gold may be drawn into a wire that would reach round the globe. A silver wire, coated with the thinnest wash of gold, may be drawn out to an indefinite extent, without breaking the coating so much that a defect could be discovered, even with a microscope. The gold which is used for beating is very slightly alloyed with silver and copper, unless the leaf is to be exposed to the weather, when pure gold is used. It is first melted in to an ingot, long and narrow, which, on being cooled, is passed through polished steel rollers, until it is reduced to a narrow ribbon, about 1-800th of an inch in thickness. It then passes into the hands of the beater. The gold ribbon is cut into pieces of an inch square, and 150 of these are placed between as many sheets of the vellum, alternately, when the beater lays on with his heaviest hammer, beating the pile about an hour, first with one hand, then with another, shifting the hammer without any pause, and very deftly turning the book over, or from side to side, between the blows. By this time the pieces of gold will have expanded to the size of the vellum, when they are taken out and each one is again cut into four. They are again placed within sheets of vellum, thus making a pile of 600 out of the original pieces, which are labored for another hour or more with a hammer of less weight than the first. The faces of all the hammers are slightly convex, which causes the gold to spread.

When this beating is completed, the leaves of gold are again subdivided by four, making 2,400 in all, and are put into three parcels of 800 each, the gold alternating with the vellum, as before, and each parcel is subjected to another beating, more carefully administered, on account of the extreme thinness of the metal. The hammers decrease in weight as the process goes on. The beating lasts for five or six hours, at the close of which the edges of the leaves, which are quite uneven, are cut with a sharp reed, as the gold adheres to a metal knife, and the leaf, ready for use, is placed in the books in which it is sold, each leaf of gold being about three inches square, and 95 making a book. They are very seldom tor or cracked.

THE CAP.—The Romans went for many ages without regular covering for the head, and hence the heads of all the ancient statues appear bare. But at one period, the cap was a symbol of liberty; and when the Romans gave it to their slaves, it entitled them to freedom. The cap was sometimes used as a mark of infamy; and in Italy the Jews were distinguished by a yellow cap; and in France, those who had been bankrupts were for ever after obliged to wear a green cap. The general use of caps and hats is referred to the year 1449; the first seen in these parts of the world being at the entry of Charles VII. into Honf, from which time they took the places of chaperons or hoodies. The velvet cap was called mortis; the wool cap, bonnet. The clerical or university square cap was invented by Patrouillet.

THE WHITE ELEPHANT OF SIAM.

SIR JOHN BOWRING, in the *Fortnightly Review*, gives these elephantine items:

"Elephants, especially white elephants, are all-important personages in Siam. In the multitudinous incarnations of Buddha, it is believed that the white elephant is one of his necessary domiciles, and the possession of a white elephant is the possession of the presence and patronage of the deity. I was escorted by one of the great ministers of state to the domicile of the white elephant in Bangkok, whose death, not many years ago, filled the court and nation with mourning. He had been discovered in the forests of the interior; a large reward was paid to the fortunate discoverer, and the first king left his capital to meet, with becoming ostentation welcome and reverence, the newly-acquired treasure.

"In Siamese history there are many chapters giving an account of invasions and repulses in wars, waged solely for the acquisition of some white elephant in the possession of a neighboring sovereign. There are instances where two existed in the same capital, and when negotiations failed for the acquisition of one by friendly surrender, the territory of the doubly-blessed monarch was violated, and the superfluous elephant demanded *et alia*.

"The court of Siam had been for some time un-honored by the presence and patronage of a white elephant. Elephants there were not wholly dark brown or pale black, with pendant ears of a lighter color and spots on the skin, which showed some affinity to a purer and diviner race. These were adorned with rich jewels, attended by special servitors, accompanied by music when they left their stalls; but they became as nothing when the elephant of higher aristocracy, or rather of celestial genealogy, appeared.

"The king, on the announcement of his capture, wrote to me in terms of high satisfaction at his good fortune. When he escorted his prize to his capital I was conducted to the palace of the honored dignitary; to say the truth, his color was not white, but coppery, like that of a red Indian. His stable was painted like a Parisian drawing-room; there was an elevated platform, on whose adjacent walls handsome warlike ornaments were hung, and nobles of high rank were in attendance, who took care he should be supplied with delicious food, principally the young sugar-cane. When the white elephant went to bathe, compared in splendid decorations, he was preceded by musicians, escorted by couriers, and was received by the people with prostration and reverence.

"On my departure from Bangkok, after the signature of the treaties, when the royal letter were delivered, engraved on golden slabs, for the Queen of England, and placed in a gold box, locked with a gold key, though many handsome presents accompanied the royal missives, one offering was placed in my hands, with the assurance that it was by far the most precious of the gifts to be conveyed, and the invaluable offering was a bunch of hairs from the white elephant's tail, tied together with a golden thread."

THE HEART AND BRAIN.

For the purpose of showing that the heart could continue to beat in the absence of the brain, Brodie employed artificial respiration on animals who had been decapitated, or whose brain had by other means been destroyed. By the regular action of a pair of bellows attached to a tube introduced into the wind-pipe, air could be driven in and out of the chest in a way simulating ordinary respiration. When this was done, the heart continued to beat, the muscles of the limbs and trunk to contract when stimulated, the blood to be changed from a venous to an arterial color in its passage through the lungs; in fact, except there was no consciousness, no voluntary movement, and apparently no secretion, the animal machine seemed to be performing the same functions as during life. According to the theory of Black, the respiration, the change of the blood from a venous to an arterial character in the lungs, being in such a case still carried on animal heat ought also to have been generated, and consequently, the uninflated corpse ought to have maintained its natural temperature as long as artificial respiration was continued.

Brodie, however, found that it gradually but persistently became cooler. Nay more, when two rabbits of the same size, breed and color were killed, and the one left untouched, while the other was uninflated, the latter always cooled the most rapidly, for the obvious reason that in its case certain amount of cool air was at frequent intervals brought into contact with the warm interior of the animal. He moreover obtained the same results when he refrained from mechanically destroying the brain, and merely suspended its action by a narcotic poison; and, with the help of Brodie, demonstrated that not only did the blood appear to the eye to undergo in the lungs the usual change from the venous to the arterial condition, but also that the amount of carbonic acid given off by the animal during the artificial respiration, to no extent differed from that proper to life and health. He drew from his experiments the conclusion that animal health was in no direct way connected with respiration; that by respiration no (he afterward changed the "no" for "little") heat was generated, but the sole condition and source of the elevated temperature of warm-blooded creatures was the integrity and functional activity of the brain and nervous system.

THE HAIRDRESSER'S DAUGHTER.

"Know then, sir," the maiden began, drawing a deep sigh, "that I am cursed with a luxuriant head of hair, whose color is that of the setting sun."

"Some," I muttered, "would call it blessed to be thus endowed. It is the fashionable color."

"Worse luck," said the maiden, in tones of despair. "That accursed tint is the cause of my persecution. My paternally kind but professionally cruel father has woken me in the dead of night and seized me by this golden hair."

"To beat you, maiden?"

"Nay, sir, to dress my head & to something, a new form of coiffure which had arrived from Paris while I slept. When I have been coming to the most deeply interesting part of a novel, he has rushed into the room and insisted on my trying on a *cignon*. He takes me from my tea to practice the double roll upon me. When I am ready dressed to go to the play, he pulls my hair down to try a new form of *bondage*. At all hours of the day and night I am liable to be curled, and frizzed, and plaited, and powdered. In sickness and in health, in joy and in sorrow, I must yield my head to his ruthless but skillful hands. I know no rest. For months I have slept with my eyes open."

"With my eyes open, maiden?"

"With my eyes open. It was the consequence of having my hair done à l'Impératrice. It was pulled back so tightly that I could not shut them. It was not until the *réveil* friz came up that the muscles relaxed. Ah, sir, you know not what I have suffered—what I have sacrificed!"

THREE CENTURIES AND A HALF AGO.—"I have seen a man who conversed with a man who fought at Flodden Field," may be said by a venerable octogenarian gentleman to whom we are indebted for the following memorandum: "The writer of this, when an infant, saw Peter Garden, who died at the age of 126, when 19 years old, on a journey to London about the year 1670, in the capacity of page in the family of the Garden of Troop, he became acquainted with the venerable Henry Jenkins, and heard him give evidence in a court of justice at York, that he 'perfectly remembered being employed, when a boy, in carrying arrows up the hill at the battle of Flodden.'

It was fought in A.D. 1513.

Add Henry Jenkin's age 109

Lew 11

Peter Garden 126

Lew his age when at York 12

114

The writer of this in 1863, aged 80

A.D. 1863

FEMALE CRIMINALS.

The October number of the *Edinburgh Review* contains some interesting statistics relative to "Life in the Criminal Class." In regard to female criminals it says:

"In the report of last year's prisoners, we are told that women, when criminal, are worse than the men; for that, while female convicts are little more than a third of the whole number, 42 per cent. of the women in jail last year had been convicted before, to 32 per cent. of the men; and again, that of convicts who had been in prison above 10 times before, there were 2,773 women to 1,173 men. Nobody could be surprised at this who had learned anything of the life led in our female prisons, either by observation or from reports and books. One of the worst results of such mistakes as are at this moment in full operation among us is, that a general impression has been created, that women once bad, are utterly hopeless; and that the only alternative for them is to be shut up in prisons like wild beasts in cages, incessantly terrifying their keepers, and being let loose to ravage society, like escaped animals of prey, which are the curse of all who live within the range of their haunts. Much of this impression is due to those very violences and wild acts of criminality which have been provoked by injudicious management in

HON. SOLOMON FOOT,

United States Senator from Vermont.
This distinguished man died on the 28th ult., at nine o'clock in the morning, in Washington City, D. C., in the midst of his family, and possessing consciousness to the last.

It is related that, taking leave of all in the room, including his wife, brother and nephew, and Dr. Baxter, of Vermont, Mr. Foot expressed a desire to take a last look at the Capitol, and requested to be raised in his bed that he might do so. His wishes were at once complied with, and just as they had raised him so that his eyes rested on the building he expired.

Both Houses of Congress adjourned to attend the funeral, after the funeral services which were held in the Senate Chamber. The body, in charge of friends, left Washington for Vermont next day. After the death of Senator Foot became known at the White House, the President and several members of the Cabinet called on Mrs. Foot, and offered condolence and sympathy in her affliction.

Senator Foot was born in Cornwall, Addison County, Vt., November 19, 1802. His father, Dr. Solomon Foot, was a practicing physician in the town of Cornwall; whence he removed to Rutland, in 1804, where he died. The son went through the usual preparatory studies at the academies at Shoreham and Castleton, and entered Middlebury College in August, 1822, whence he graduated with high honors in 1826. Having graduated, he immediately became the principal of the Castleton Academy, where his own preliminary studies had been pursued, which charge he resigned at the end of a year, to become tutor in the University of Vermont, at Burlington.

In 1826 he again became principal of the Castleton Academy, and held, in conjunction therewith, the post of professor of natural philosophy in the Vermont Academy of Medicine, then located at Castleton, which position, he held until 1831. While faithfully discharging the duties of these combined positions he had also been pursuing the study of law. In pursuance of his plan to pursue the practice of this profession, he removed to Rutland in April, 1831, and was admitted to the bar at the September term of that year, and immediately entered upon the practice of it in Rutland.

In 1833 he was elected a member of the House of Representatives of the Vermont Legislature, and was again re-elected in 1836, '37, '38, and '47. He was not only a member of the House, but also held the responsible position of Speaker during the sessions of 1836, '38, and '47. He was also a delegate from Rutland to the Constitutional Assembly at Montpelier in 1836, as well as State Attorney from that year until 1842. He was elected to the House of Representatives in Congress, from the First Congressional District in Vermont in 1842, and again in 1844. Declining another election, he resumed the practice of his profession in 1847, and continued in it until 1851, in which year he took his seat in the Senate of the



THE LATE HON. SOLOMON FOOT, U. S. SENATOR FROM VERMONT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY
BRADY & CO., WASHINGTON.

United States, having been elected thereto by the Legislature of Vermont, in October, 1850.

At the close of his term in 1856 he was re-elected in October of that year to the same position. During these two terms he served on the Committees on Foreign Affairs and the Pacific Railroad, and as chairman of the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds. During a part of

the 36th, the whole of the 37th, and a part of the 38th Congresses, he was President (*pro tem.*) of the Senate. He was re-elected to the Senate in 1863 for the term ending in 1869. By his death and that of his colleague (Jacob Collamer) Vermont has two vacancies to fill in the Senate.

Mr. Foot, was a large, handsome, intellectual-looking man, of about 50 years of age in appearance, though considerably older in fact.



SPRING FASHIONS FOR GENTLEMEN, FROM MODELS EXECUTED FOR THIS PAPER.

AN UNPLEASANT PREDICAMENT.

A SINGULAR fact mentioned in Mr. Gosse's charming work, "A Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica," illustrates the predaceous vehemence and lurking patience of the alligator. In Spanish Haiti, the large savanna rivers flow through wide, gently descending borders, carpeted with grass, having all the clean verdure of a lawn, and interspersed with clumps of beautiful flowering shrubs and trees. A Spanish priest, with three friends, had gone for a day's sporting to these grounds and had divided themselves. The three assembled at sunset, but the priest did not make his appearance. They sought him through the darkening thickets, and at last found him seated in a tree, into which he had been obliged to betake himself to escape an alligator that had pursued him by a succession of leaps. It had run in pursuit of him, as he said, jumping rapidly after him, with its back crooked like a frightened cat. He had taken refuge in the tree, whilst the reptile crouched in a thicket close by, quietly watching and waiting for his descent.

THE SLEIGH PEDDLER.

OUR sketch was taken in the neighborhood of Bangor, Maine, and represents an actual character as well known through all that section of country, and as certain in his coming, as the snow.

As soon as the season opens, the sleigh peddler starts from Bangor with his long string of wares trailing behind him—Portland-made sleighs of every shape, size, hue and workmanship—and makes his way northward. As he goes, he trades, sells, exchanges, and sometimes rents out his properties, fetching up finally, if no nearer market is found, among the blue-noses in New Brunswick.

The sleigh peddler is generally a decided character; at home in every house, with a word for every one, he is hospitably hailed wherever he goes, and is a full type of American character.

AN ELEPHANT RIDE.

In captivity elephants seldom lie down; indeed the keepers are accustomed to regard a beast found prostrate as one smitten with some disorder, and at once place him on the sick list, regulating his diet and putting him to no kind of labor for a while. An elephant that belonged to Louis XIV. never assumed any other position than a standing one through five years, though at the same time it was evident it was reduced to adopt that course from other than natural causes; for with the points of its tusks it had scooped two holes in the stone walls of its den, and into these holes it was



THE DEATH OF THE GORILLA.

accustomed to hitch its ivory appendages when inclined for a nap.

In one respect do the hind-legs of the elephant differ in their formation from those of any other quadruped. Instead of bringing them under him when he lies down, he extends them *behind* him, as does a human being. The struggle which horses and oxen experience in rising from the ground is, by this providential arrangement of the hind legs of the elephant avoided. He simply



AN ELEPHANT RIDE—GOING DOWN HILL.

draws his hind feet gradually under him, and his enormous weight is levered up without a perceptible effort.

Owing to this beautiful arrangement of the bones and muscles, the elephant is rendered one of the most sure-footed of animals. Carrying on his back a heavily-laden howdah, he will descend precipitous slopes with the most perfect ease. He manages it in this way: kneeling down at the commencement of the declivity, he puts out one fore-leg and feels cautiously for a safe footing; if he does not find it naturally, he sets about making it artificially by hammering in the soil an indentation with his broad and heavy foot. One foot thus accommodated, the other one is drawn out with equal care, and provided for in the same fashion as the first. Then one of the hind-legs is cautiously drawn forward, and one of the



SPANISH STREET CHARACTERS—ORANGE GIRL OF MADRID.

fore-feet being released from the foot-hole, it is inserted in its place. It might be imagined that, to afford time to the cunning elephant to go through these performances with the careful deliberation necessary to their perfection, traveling through a hilly country must be tedious work; this is, however, far from being the case: so rapidly does the sagacious animal perform the manœuvres above described, that in as little time as it has taken me to write this paragraph, the howdah and its occupants would have reached from the top to the bottom of a considerable hill.

MADRID STREET CHARACTERS.

MADRID and its people have lately become of interest, since it is suddenly agitated with one of those threatening or revolution, called by the Spaniards *pronunciamientos*, of which few people know the actual origin, and fewer still can see the end. The population of the Spanish capital cannot be said to represent the usually-received opinions as to the national appearance and character, but

they are, perhaps, the most difficult to deal with of all Spaniards; they have, for the most part, abandoned the national costume, which is still retained in the provinces and in many of the principal towns. They have adopted semi-French manners, and even their physical appearance differs considerably from that of the true Spanish people of remote cities. Even those lower orders of Madrid, the itinerant venders, the water-carriers, the beggars, and the strange idlers who once made the streets so picturesque, are gradually abandoning those gaudy and often graceful costumes which made a visit to Madrid so suggestive and its pleasure so piquant. The manola, even, is fond of French fashions, instead of retaining that wonderful black silk mantilla, which fell so gracefully from the comb to the shoulders, and was both cloak and veil; her skirts have descended farther towards those well-turned ankles which were once so freely exhibited, and it may be doubted whether she now carries that concealed dagger (the navaja) which she was traditionally believed to be ready to use either for her own defense, or to avenge an injury to her friend of the circus and the bull-ring.

It is to the Puerta del Sol that the visitor must repair for almost everything he is likely to want, and here it is that he will see most of the people of Madrid, of which it is, in fact, the Alpha and the Omega. There are to be found the omnibuses, the hackney-coaches, the news-venders, the post-office; and even the time of the city is regulated by the clock there. If a Madrilienian is directing you to any part of the city, the chances are he will begin with: "Go to the Puerta del Sol, and turn so and so;" or if you lose yourself in Madrid, and find that you are in a broad, handsome street, be sure that it will conduct you to the famous gate of the sun, for all the principal avenues lead thither: the Calle Mayor, leading to the palace and the Royal Quarter; the Carrera de San Geronimo, leading to the museum; and the Calle de Alcala, which is the finest street in Madrid, the grand approach to the principal promenade, and which might almost be called the most beautiful in the world, the palaces and houses are so handsome, ending with the splendid building where Espartero once lived, now used for the artillery and the fashionable Prado.

For those who care more for the people than the architecture, La Puerta del Sol is still more interesting. It is the resort of all the beggars in Madrid; of the picturesque Maragotos, and other strangers from the provinces; of all, indeed, who



SPANISH STREET CHARACTERS—THE PIEMAN OF MADRID.

have found their way to the capital seeking for fortune, many of whom have little other clothing than the Spanish cloak, which they wear in all weathers. The eastern side of the square, or the one opposite the Gobernacion, is usually the most crowded part of this sunny locality, the favorite lounge of all the idlers about town.



AN UNPLEASANT PREDICAMENT.

There the itinerant venders of all sorts of merchandise ply their trade; not, however, without a smoldering expression of gloomy interest in probable events. In regarding some of these people, one cannot help noticing, with surprise, the similarity of their features to those of the Irish; and, but for the extreme difference of climate and complexion, the resemblance would be still more remarkable. Notwithstanding the queer make of his foot and head gear, the former being something between a slipper and a cricketing-shoe, and the latter the sombrero over the usual silk handkerchief, the seller of hat-boxes, of whom we publish an engraving, has a face which might belong to a disguised Milesian. Wonderful constructions are those Spanish boxes—vast, resonant, clumsy receptacles, which nobody but a Spaniard, who regards his Paris silk hat with veneration and respect, could possibly submit to—one may see such occupying the luggage-vans of railway trains; and it is a certain conclusion that, wherever they are met with in such circumstances, there is a sallow, sententious, and yet keen-eyed and lively group somewhere near, deftly making paper cigarettes, the smoke from which they blow through their nostrils in supreme enjoyment, or lurching amicably from roast pork, fruit, and some of that rich pastry of which they are mostly so fond.

The mention of pastry reminds one of the pastry-vender, be-capped, be-aproned, and carrying a whisk, with which to keep his sweet merchandise from the greedy flies of Madrid, which, like other insects in that favored capital, are a "caution." Custard and ratafia are the great charms of all pastry to a Spaniard, but they have also a way of cooking fritters which is in itself a high art; and yet they have a proverb which says: "Never call a man a fritter-maker." They have also a saying that "eggs make a thousand dishes," and they have learned to put these most useful of all culinary adjuncts to capital account, as our

pastry-vender of the Puerta del Sol well knows.

Oranges! There is nothing very picturesque in this poor drudge-like wench, who comes shambling past with her rich, sonorous cry and her



SPANISH STREET CHARACTERS—THE VENDER OF HAT BOXES OF MADRID.

heavy baskets; but the baskets themselves are laden with such ripe, luscious, golden fruit as might tempt a Greenlander, to say nothing of a hot stranger gasping at the sun's own gate. Off with a strip of moist, pulpy rind, and then, with the great globe of waxy juice pressed to your



THE SLEIGH PEDDLER.—A SKETCH FROM LIFE, IN MAINE, BY F. H. SCHELL.

Lips, lean well back, and squeeze and suck in ecstasy. Or would you have green figs, pomegranates, grapes of that rich dull-green hue that is so suggestive of food and drink at once, and both otherreal? These you will not get of our fruit-vender; but you may look out for a melon, cool, fresh and fragrant, or the reverse; but if it be the real, melting, juicy melon that the Spaniards love, it is a thing of beauty and a joy for three minutes. There is many a sturdy muleteer who carves his dinner from a mighty gourd, and from that and his coarse bread dipped in oil and vinegar, with perhaps a shred of garlic, makes a meal which, at all events, enables him to do more than most tourists could manage.

THE DEATH OF THE GORILLA.

The capture of an infant gorilla is thus graphically described by Du Chaillu:

"On the 4th of May, I had one of the greatest pleasures of my whole life. Some hunters, who had been out on my account brought in a young gorilla alive. I cannot describe the emotions with which I saw the struggling little brute dragged into the village; all the hardships I had endured in Africa were rewarded in that moment. It was a little fellow of between two and three years old, two feet six inches in length, and as fierce and stubborn as a grown animal could have been."

"By the hunters' account, they were going,

alive in number, to a village near the coast, and

walking very silently through the forest, when

they heard what they immediately recognized as

the cry of a young gorilla for its mother. The

forest was silent. It was about noon, and they

immediately determined to follow the cry. Presently they heard it again. Gun in hand, the

brave fellows crept noiselessly toward a clump of

wood, where the baby gorilla evidently was. They

knew the mother would be near; and there was a

likelihood that the male, the most dreaded of all,

might be there, too. But they determined to risk

all, and, if at all possible, to take the young one

alive, knowing what joy it would be for me. Presently they perceived the bush moving, and,

crawling a little further on in dead silence, scarce

breathing with excitement, they beheld what has

seldom been seen, even by the negroes, a young

gorilla, seated on the ground, eating some berries

that grew close to the earth. A few feet further

on sat the mother, also eating of the same fruit.

"Instantly they made ready to fire; and none

too soon, for the old female saw them as they

raised their guns, and they had to pull triggers

without delay. Happily, they wounded her mortally, and she fell. The young one, hearing the

noise of the gun, ran to his mother, and clung to

her, hiding his face, and embracing her body. The

hunters immediately rushed toward the two,

hallooing with joy as they ran on. But this

roused the little one, who instantly let go his

mother, and ran to a small tree, which he climbed

with agility, where he sat and roared at them

savagely. They were now perplexed how to get

at him; no one cared to run the chance of being

bitten by the savage little beast, and shoot it

they would not. At last they cut down the tree,

and, as it fell, dexterously threw a cloth over the

head of the young monster, and thus gained time

to secure it while it was blinded. With all these

precautions, one of the men received a severe bite

on the hand, and another had a piece taken out

of his leg.

"As the little brute, though so diminutive, and

the merest baby for age, was astonishingly strong,

and by no means good-tempered, they could not

lead him. He constantly rushed at them, so they

were obliged to get a forked stick, in which his

neck was inserted in such a way that he could not

escape, and yet could be kept at a safe distance.

In this uncomfortable way he was brought into

the village, where the excitement was intense.

As the animal was lifted out of the canoe in which

he had come a little way down the river, he

roared, and bellowed, and looked round wildly

with his wicked little eyes, giving fair warning

that if he could only get at some of us, he would

take his revenge.

"I saw that the stick hurt his neck, and I im-

mediately set about having a cage made for him.

In two hours we built a strong bamboo house,

with the slate securely tied at such a distance

apart that we could see the gorilla, and it could

see out. Here the thing was immediately de-

posited; and now, for the first time, I had a fair

chance to examine my prize. It was a young male

gorilla, evidently not yet three years old, fully able

to walk alone, and possessed, for its age, of most

extraordinary strength and muscular development.

Its greatest length proved afterward to be two

feet six inches. Its face and hands were very

black; eyes not so much sunken as in the adult's.

The hair began first at the eyebrows and rose to

the crown, where it was a reddish-brown. It came

down the sides of the face in lines to the lower

jaw—much as our beards grow. The upper lip

was covered with short, coarse hair; the lower

lip had longer hair. The eyelids were very slight

and thin; eyebrows straight, and three-quarters

of an inch long."

Du Chaillu, having caged his prisoner, sought

to make friends with it. This, however, the cap- tive seemed to regard as adding insult to injury.

It retreated sullenly, roaring, to the furthest corner of its prison, and, when its amiable jailer approached to reassure it, darted at his legs, and,

despite a nimble retreat, succeeded in catching

Du Chaillu's trowsers in his terrible grip, and

tearing a piece out.

A cup of water and some forest berries were

procured for the prisoner, and when the company

had retired out of sight he condescended to take

his dinner. On the second day, however, he was

even more vindictive and outrageous than the

first. No one could go near his cage without he

roared, and leapt, and mouthed, as though nothing

short of rending his enemies to little bits would

ever pacify him. Food was thrust between the

bars of his cage to no purpose; he would neither eat nor drink, and met all advances with the most obstinate contempt.

On the fourth day he managed to gnaw his bars asunder, and the prison was discovered empty. The utmost consternation prevailed in the camp, the hands were called together, and a re-capturing expedition resolved on. However the cunning Joe (so Du Chaillu christened him) had not strayed far. Returning to his room to fetch a gun, a terrible, yet to the explorer's ears delicious, growling emanated from beneath the bedstead, and there was Master Joe Gorilla crouched down and regarding his master with an unmistakable "touch-me-if-you-dare" expression.

"How to take him was a puzzling question. He had shown such strength and such rage already, that not even I cared to run the chance of being badly bitten in a hand-to-hand struggle. Meantime Joe stood in the middle of the room, looking about for his enemies. I dispatched some fellows for a net, and, waiting till he became quiet, opened the door quickly and threw the net over his head; fortunately we succeeded at the first throw in fatally entangling the young monster, who roared frightfully, and struck and kicked in every direction, under the net. I took hold of the back of his neck, two men seized his arms and another the legs; and thus held by four men, this extraordinary little creature still proved most troublesome. We carried him as quickly as we could to the cage, which had been repaired, and locked him in."

Poor Joe, however, died soon after, and this first attempt to bring a living gorilla to Europe or this country failed.

AMERICAN MACHINERY IN ENGLAND.

The London *Times* and the largest English newspapers are printed by Hoe's presses; American reapers, and other agricultural implements, take the lead in England; and our Sewing-Machines may now be found in every well-ordered British household. The *Court Journal*, in a recent issue, describes a handsome Sewing-Machine, which has been made for an English lady of high rank. We quote the paragraph:

"As the Sewing-Machine has been advanced gradually from purely manufacturing uses to a household position, and thence to an adjunct of the duties of a refined home, Messrs. Grover & Baker, of 150 Regent street, have wisely catered for the supply in a more elegant form, and the machines they have now brought before the public present the appearance of cabinets and are made in various woods. This firm has just completed a machine, designed and ornamented expressly for a lady of rank, which surpasses, for elegance, anything of the kind ever seen. The table and stand are of satin-wood, inlaid with tulip-wood, with carved border, and richly gilt. The machine itself is silver-plated, inlaid with pearl, and most delicately tinted. It has been pronounced, by all who have seen it, as perfection."

There is quite a controversy going on in another English periodical, *The Queen*, with regard to the qualities and advantages of the different American Sewing-Machines. A correspondent of the last-mentioned paper writes:

"I am happy to inform 'Perplexity' that I have been using one of Grover & Baker's Machines for the last six months. I cannot speak too highly of the beauty of the work, nor of the perfect ease with which it is used (not so hard as the pedals of the harp); a child of five years can work it. 'Perplexity' will enclose her card to the editor of *The Queen*, I will have much pleasure in letting her try my machine."

FIL ABOUT FIVE DOLLARS.

In these days of plentiful money \$5 is not regarded as much cash. It actually goes about as far as \$1 did a few years ago. If, therefore, a person talks about buying something for \$5 that ought to cost \$50, rather excites either the risibilities or our sincere astonishment; and yet it is such a fact that we are about to record. A Sewing Machine can be bought for \$5, which, to quote the New York *Tribune*. "With single or double thread, it sews very rapidly, with a common needle, makes the running stitch, exactly like hand sewing." We certainly can say no more than that, this, further than to add that they can be had by express, or by personal application at the Family Gem Sewing Machine Co., No. 102 Nassau street, New York.

Female Complaints should be cured, as they surely can be, by a few doses of **AYER'S SARSAPARILLA**.

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B. T. BABBITT'S LABOR-SAVING SOAP. This Soap is made from clean and pure materials, contains no adulteration of any kind, will not injure the most delicate fabric, and is especially adapted for woolens, which will not shrink after being washed with this Soap. It may be used in hard or salt water. It will remove paint, grease, tar and stains of all kinds. One pound warranted equal to two pounds of ordinary family soap. Directions sent with each bar for making three gallons handsome soft soap from one pound of this Soap. Each bar is wrapped in a circular containing full directions for use, printed in English and German. Ask your grocer for "B. T. Babbitt's Soap," and take no other.

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New York.

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